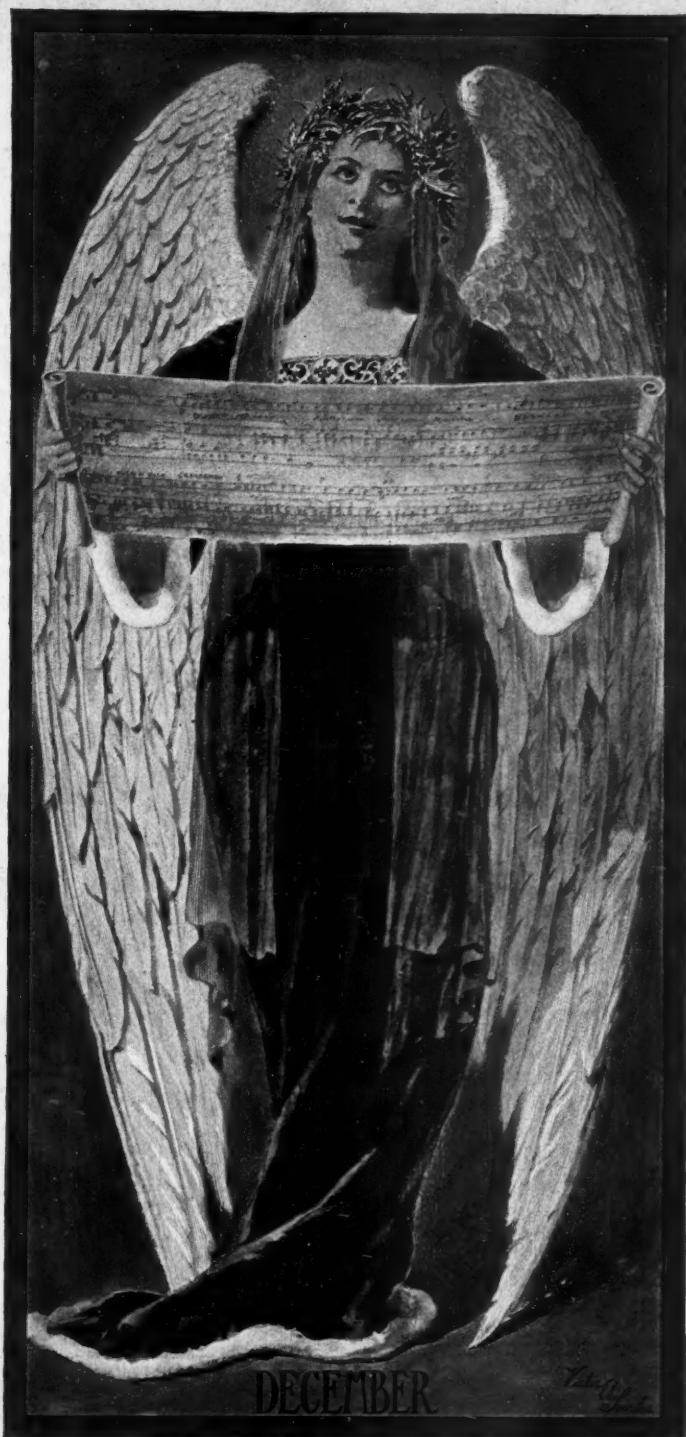


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DECEMBER



*Good morning  
Santy!  
Have you used  
Pears' Soap?*

xmas. 1897.

© AN UNEXPECTED RECEPTION ©



Series of Frontispieces  
from  
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In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

Caritas.

From the painting by Abbott H. Thayer.

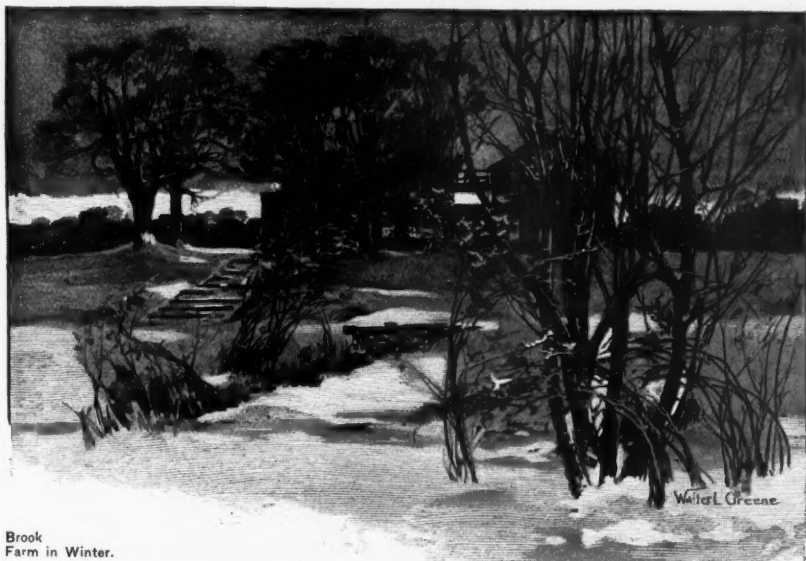


# THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. VII.

DECEMBER, 1897.

No. 3



Brook  
Farm in Winter.

The Scene of the Socialistic Experiment in the early Forties.  
*Drawn by Walter L. Greene.*

## THE BROOK FARM EXPERIMENT

BY ARTHUR W. TARBELL



THE present generation, which knows Brook Farm only as the scene of Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance" or as a bit of Arcadian life that once had its charm and mystery, can never fully realize the excitement it produced fifty years ago when it tried to demonstrate to the American people how an ideal social community should be founded. It was only a modest attempt, doomed to a short though significant life, but it was the first of its kind and persons travelled far in those days to see this Utopian dream that had cast its spell over such men as Ripley, Hawthorne, Emerson, George William Curtis, Dwight, Channing, Theodore Parker and the late Charles A. Dana. For this visit they were well repaid, for it must have been a novel sight indeed to see these rustic philosophers mowing and reaping in the fields like ordinary hus-

bandmen. It would be much the same as if to-day a coterie of such persons as Howells, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Edward Bellamy, and a sprinkling of younger dreamers and romancers were to conceive the idea of running a milk-farm and we were to be treated to all the incongruous mistakes and laughable incidents that would be forthcoming. But in the case of the Brook Farmers this inadaptability was existent only in the beginning of the experiment; even Hawthorne soon learned to milk his "transcendental heifer." Still this is only the more facetious aspect of the subject.

The belief that competition is the greatest evil of life is not a recent discovery. The "criers-down" of syndicates, co-operations, trusts and similar gigantic business enterprises are not striking any very new note when they hurl their changes against the complexity and crush of our modern world. They have been preceded some fifty years or more by a class of thinkers and seers who as early as 1835 began to realize that if the American people were in danger of any one great national calamity it was a tendency towards materialism, over-civilization, extreme commercialism and character stagnation. To this class of men, who wished to substitute for the above life the ideal life of brotherhood, freedom and equality, belonged the Brook Farmers.

Around the name "Brook Farm" there has always been associated an infinite amount of mystery and curiosity. To the outside world of the time, and to succeeding generations the spot and its characters have ever been a source of fascination. The Brook Farmers were regarded as a little community of choice spirits who lived a rather odd and unique life and who held some rather fantastic notions. There can be no doubt but what a great number of absurd stories were circulated about them and there were probably thousands who looked upon them as little less than heathens lapsing back into semi-barbarism. Yet for all that they made a name for themselves, and their young dream of a better life is something the world loves to remember.

#### THE SITUATION OF BROOK FARM.

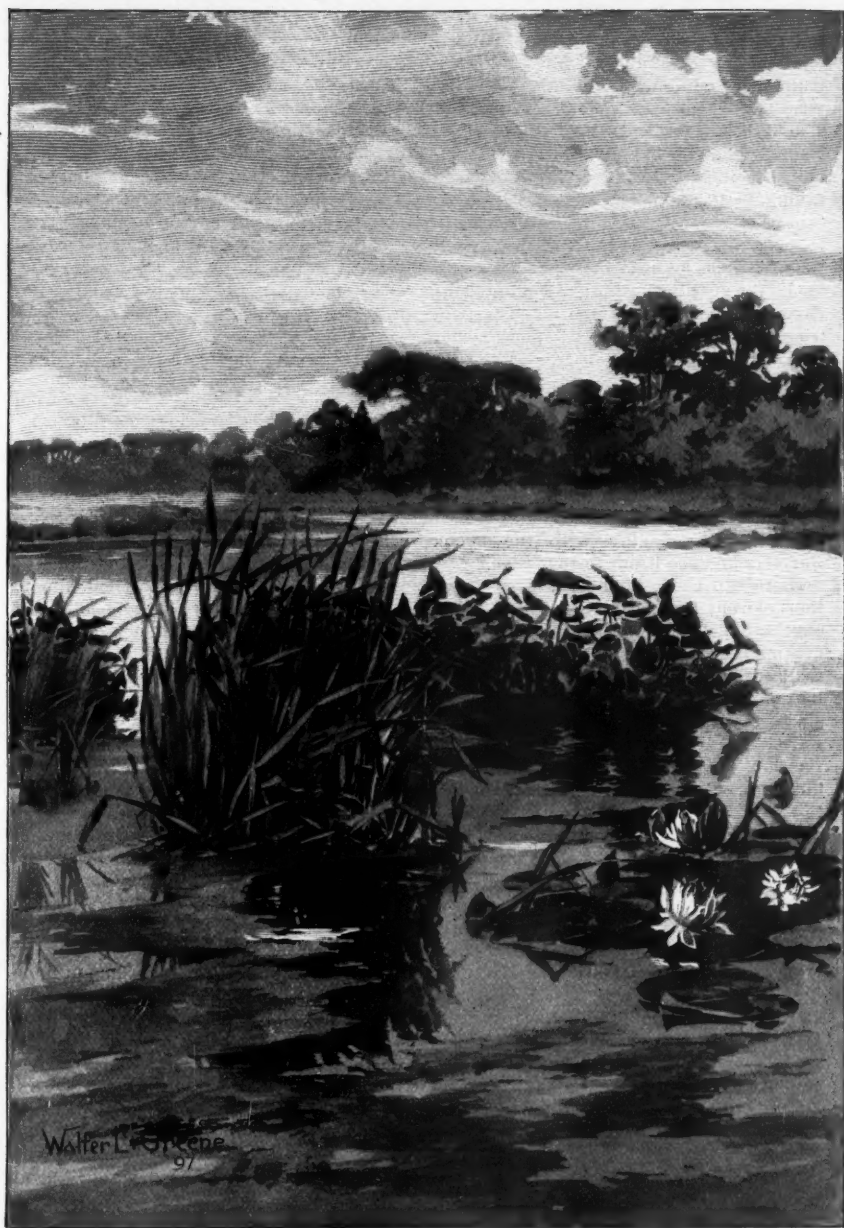
The experiment itself had its birth in the spring of 1841. At that time there

was purchased in West Roxbury, Massachusetts, about nine miles from Boston, a farm of some two hundred acres. It was a rare piece of land, most ideally situated with a willow-bordered brook that forever rippled by the threshold of the old farmhouse and a stretch of meadow-ground that reached away into a charming prospective. Stately elms guarded in grandeur the bit of outlook bank in front of the doorway, while to the rear, clothing the gentle slope of a hill, a dense dark cloister of murmuring pines chanted its monotonous sweetness to the passing world. It was altogether a bit of Arcadian scenery, pastoral, idyllic, paradise-like; a fit environment for the living of a profitable life.

It was to such a spot that a notable group of men and women journeyed to create a new social existence. The plan was briefly to establish an order of things where agriculture and education should be made the foundations of society. Labor was the one thing honored. No religious creeds were adopted. The organization was conceived in transcendentalism and designed to carry on its life in accordance with democratic and Christian ideas. The argument was that while a man strove to improve his mind by study he should at the same time be a son of the soil and keep his body healthy by cultivating the land. Plenty of outdoor labor and opportunities for culture was the régime in its entirety. Between the several members there was no distinction of rank; the fact that all ate at one table was characteristic of the whole scheme. Horace Greeley, when he came from New York to visit the community, as well as any other notable visitor, was as like as not called upon to ply his knife and fork beside the most menial servant on the farm. So social differentiation was unknown; equality, truth, justice and order were the governing principles of the society.

#### HAWTHORNE'S EXPERIENCES.

By reason of his having staged one of his romances on the spot, Hawthorne has probably been more intimately associated with Brook Farm than any other personage of the talented group who were in residence there. But this association as a matter of fact did not exist. He was there only a few months and never fully entered



*Drawn by Walter L. Greene.*

The Charles River at Brook Farm where Zenobia of the "Blithedale Romance" drowned herself.

into the spirit of the situation. When he went to Brook Farm it was with the belief that he would get modestly in touch with the ideal life and that in his leisure hours he would be free to carry on his writing. This belief was not realized. The hard, unusual, self-imposed labor distracted him. So did the bustle and commonality incident to the living in a large family. His publisher, James T. Fields, said of him: "He was a man who had, so to speak, a physical affinity with solitude." Thus the usual seclusion in which he had worked was not to be found at Brook Farm, and though "no one intruded on him" as he says, yet he was not at his best. Again he writes: "The intrusion of an outward necessity into labors of the imagination and the intellect is, to me, very painful." It has been said by critics that the Brook Farm life was hurtful to his genius. This he certainly never intimated. On the contrary, he said afterwards to Emerson that he was "almost sorry he did not stay with the Brook Farmers and see it out to the finish."

There can be no doubt but what Hawthorne went to Brook Farm with great expectations; and not a few delightful dreams of how a better world was to be realized. Almost on his arrival his imagination, however, was checked by many stern realities. "I went out to Brook Farm," he said, "to drive the chariots of the sun, and found myself milking a kicking cow in a farmyard." His allusion to this in his "Notes" is interesting.

"I have not yet taken my first lesson in agriculture, except that I went to see our cows foddered, yesterday afternoon. We have eight of our own, and the number is now increased by a transcendental heifer belonging to Miss Margaret Fuller. She is very fractious, I believe, and apt to kick over the milk pail. . . . I intend to convert myself into a milkmaid this evening, but I pray Heaven that Mr. Ripley may be moved to assign me the kindest cow in the herd, otherwise I shall perform my duty with fear and trembling."

The next day he writes:—

"I did not milk the cows last night, because Mr. Ripley was afraid to trust them to my hands, or me to their horns. But this morning I have done wonders. Before breakfast, I went out to the barn and began to chop hay for the cattle, and

with such 'righteous vehemence,' as Mr. Ripley says, did I labor, that in the space of ten minutes I broke the machine. Then I brought wood and replenished the fires. And finally went to breakfast and ate up a huge mound of buckwheat cakes. After breakfast Mr. Ripley summoned me into the barnyard and introduced me to an instrument with four prongs, commonly entitled a dung-fork; and he and Mr. Farley being armed with similar weapons we all three commenced a gallant attack upon a heap of manure. This office being concluded, and I having purified myself, I sit down to finish this letter.

Miss Fuller's cow hooks the other cows, and has made herself ruler of the herd. . . I shall make an excellent husbandman—I feel the original Adam reviving within me."

#### CHARLES A. DANA AT BROOK FARM.

The late Charles A. Dana, editor of the *New York Sun*, was another man of distinction who joined the Brook Farmers. He was then a Harvard student, but the giving out of his eyes compelled him to leave college. He has candidly admitted somewhere that it was not excessive studying that brought on the weakness. On the contrary, he sat up the most of one night reading "Oliver Twist," by candle light. It had just been published and was wretchedly poor print. When he finished the last chapter at three o'clock in the morning he thought he should never be able to see again. In those days when a student's eyes gave out he either went to farming or to sea. Mr. Dana's cousin, Richard Henry Dana, did the latter and his very interesting book, "Two Years Before the Mast," was the result. Mr. Dana himself grasped the opportunity by going to Brook Farm. Here he soon put himself closely in touch with the movement, conducting the modest classes in Greek and German, and being honored with the appointment of head waiter in the Refectory Group. This he appears to have regarded as great fun, especially when seventy people or more rushed into the dining-room with the appetites of cannibals and the expectation of being served all at once. On the dissolution of the Brook Farm experiment Mr. Dana went to Boston to earn five dollars a week on a newspaper.



Drawn by Walter L. Greene.

"There is a brook so near the house that we shall be able to hear its ripple in the summer evenings." From Hawthorne's *Notes on Brook Farm*.

#### EMERSON AND MISS MARGARET FULLER.

A somewhat vague impression has always existed that Emerson and Miss Margaret Fuller (afterwards the Countess Ossoli who was drowned while returning to America) were permanent members of the Brook Farm settlement. In fact there was built at the time, and it exists to-day, a little four-gabled cottage which bore the latter's name, and which as the years have rolled along, has been the recipient of many agreeable legends. But neither of these two ever became actually associated with the scheme. Emerson could never bring himself into complete sympathy with the forms of living the principles of the community demanded. He was a frequent visitor, however, and always when he came there would be a gathering in the evening for a discussion of some interesting literary or philosophical theme. The same was the case when Miss Margaret Fuller spent a day or so at West Roxbury. It can readily be surmised that the association of two such persons with the experiment lent to it a character and a reputation that it never would have acquired from the more pro-

saic mowing and haying that was the programme of the ordinary day.

#### DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

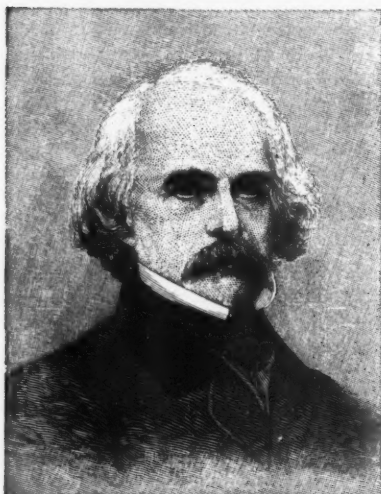
Other distinguished visitors were not wanting. Everybody was vastly fascinated by Brook Farm and its curious and picturesque life, and everybody who was able journeyed thither to see the thing for themselves. And no one went away without being much impressed. Among men of note who went there occasionally on fine summer days and who walked over the beautiful fields where the farmer philosophers were at work, were Horace Greeley, Charles Sumner, Thoreau, Henry James, Parke Goodwin, James Freeman Clarke, Edward Everett Hale, C. P. Cranch, R. H. Dana, Channing, Theodore Parker and a host of other less noteworthy and less agreeable visitors. From this crowd of transients there was a slight income but nothing in comparison with the amount of trouble some of them caused. At first they were all welcomed but later when carriage after carriage came out from Boston, the system and work of the farm were much retarded in



view of the fact that these visitors demanded an attendant to show them the place. And sometimes a growl would be heard from them because a trifle was taken for the expense of meals or about the absence of feathers in the beds. Still much was suffered for the sake of "the cause."

#### THE REVELRY AT BROOK FARM.

Apart from the purely agricultural and intellectual aspects of Brook Farm there was another side of the life there which at the time was undoubtedly the most pleasurable, and the after-glow of which is responsible for much of that halo of



*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

"Hawthorne has been more intimately associated with Brook Farm than almost any other personage."

fascination which surrounds everything connected with the name Brook Farm. I refer to the life of merriment which interlarded and brightened the hours of hard work. Hawthorne has dwelt on much of this in the best chapters of his romance.

On Sunday morning a major portion of the community would don their "conventional blacks" and walk a matter of some few miles to a bit of a village where Theodore Parker used to preach. In the afternoon by twos and threes, they would

stroll off in the woods to any chance spot and there read some pleasant book or test their wits over some light topic of discussion. And then when the supper horn sounded, "from bush and briar and green-sward shade" they would begin to start out like Robin Hood's men. Theatricals and masquerades in the adjoining pine woods often claimed the social desire. Hawthorne pictures one of these latter in his "Blithedale Romance."

On the summer evenings after supper, groups would saunter up the slope of the hill to the "Cottage" or the "Eyrle" which were situated some ways back from the main building, the "Hive." Here they would sing the twilight and early evening away or join in some chance talk on the wonderful social themes that were then moving the world. It was altogether a bit of the cloister, the monastic life, free, ideal, natural, but withal too good to last.

#### THE END OF THE EXPERIMENT.

The Brook Farm experiment began in the spring of 1841; it ended somewhere in the spring of 1847, although as early as the fall of the previous year, most of the prominent members had severed their ties with the community, being too well aware that the unwelcome end was near. The scheme was a financial failure, however well it may have prospered along other lines. No system could be evolved with the means at their command to put the enterprise on a self-supporting basis and outside capital was not forthcoming. The experiment cost its founder, Mr. Ripley, a great amount of money, years of toil, and, on its termination, a large list of debts, for which he felt responsible. Every cent of these debts he ultimately paid off. But this was not until a good many years later when his ability had won for him a conspicuous place in the world of letters and an ample recompense. By the middle of 1847 the experiment was a thing of the past and those who had been actors in it, had, one by one, gone once more out into the world to follow their various pursuits, and to become in time, it has so proven, famous men and women. But Brook Farm itself will forever stand as a small glimmering light of social truth shining amid universal darkness.



*Drawn by Walter L. Greene.*

*"A dense, dark cloister of murmuring pines chanted its monotonous sweetness to the passing world." The Scene of the Masqueraders in Blithedale Romance.*

ITS HISTORY BETWEEN 1847 AND 1897.

As may very well be imagined the Brook Farm of 1841 and what remains of it to-day in 1897 are two vastly different things. The writer himself visited the spot only yesterday. There still hovers over it an aspect of mystery, of fascination that one feels keenly as he moves about and as he allows his imagination to picture the scene in the Brook Farmers' time. Scarce nothing now remains in West Roxbury that in the early forties

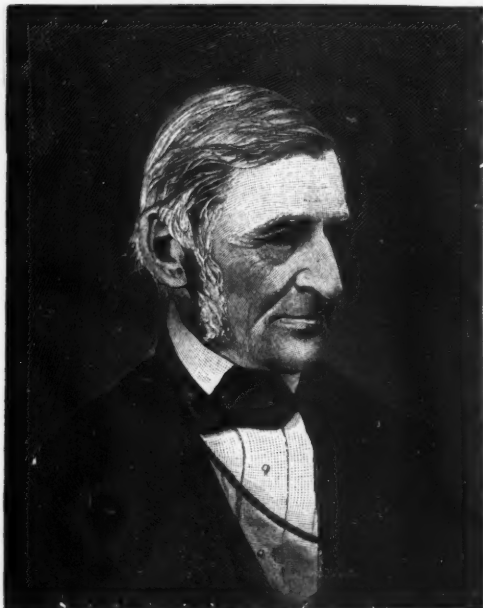
lived their unique life. Pieces of furniture that look at all ancient or bits of crockery that might have graced the community's festive board are diligently looked for in every corner of the Asylum, and where they do not actually exist the fertile imagination fills the gap. Many even ask, as they wander from room to room, if this or that one was not the exact chamber in which Hawthorne was sick (as chronicled in his book), and the ultra-sentimental peer out of the

little paned windows in the hopes of obtaining the identical view of the distant Charles River which the romancer got. All very much in the line of hero-worship you see, but strongly at variance with fact.

The history of Brook Farm from its abandonment by the Arcadian Farmers to the present time is an interesting one. From 1847 to 1850 it was practically unoccupied although the "Margaret Fuller Cottage," sheltered from time to time an occasional farm-hand and his family who was in service in the neighborhood. In 1850 the property was bought for a poor-house by the town of Roxbury. A new building at the cost of \$8000 was immediately erected by the side of the old "Hive." This is the structure with its several additions that is so frequently mistaken for the main building of Mr. Ripley's "Phalanx." The "Hive" itself was destroyed by fire in 1854, together with the old barn which adjoined it. On the site of that barn now stands the printing-shop of the German Asylum, while the site of the "Hive" was filled in for the orphans' playground. In 1858,

when the town of Roxbury was annexed to the city of Boston, Brook Farm ceased to be a poor-house.

An Englishman in Dorchester next bought the land, but before the transferral of the deeds, he in turn sold it to James Freeman Clarke, who at the time intended to have several of his friends use it for building purposes. This, however, was never done.



*R. Waldo Emerson*

"Emerson was a frequent visitor at Brook Farm but never actually lived there."

sheltered the socialists, "The Margaret Fuller Cottage" and the "Nest" are the only two buildings extant. This is not generally understood, and as the result, scores of persons to-day visit the plain, unromantic Orphan Asylum building that has replaced the "Hive," and move about it half reverentially in the belief that this is really the place where the famous Brook Farmers held their high revels and

In 1861, from April to July, Brook Farm was used as the camp for the Second Massachusetts Regiment under Colonel George Gordon. Thus the discordant notes of war preparation were heard among the hills that had beheld the sturdy and peaceful labors of the socialists. Later, until 1870, the place served as a produce farm, cultivated by a poor farmer named James Munroe.

The next, and as yet, final change, occurred in 1870. The property which had dwindled from two hundred acres down to sixty, was then bought by a wealthy German for \$25,000. Since that time, for the last twenty-seven years, Brook Farm has been known to the world under the name of the "Martin Luther Home for German Orphans."

#### BROOK FARM TO-DAY.

In the woods a short distance from the home, the visitor to-day can, if he be rightly directed, find the famous "Eliot's Pulpit." It is a mammoth rock of conglomerate, or Roxbury "pudding stone," (not of granite as Hawthorne terms it, through a slight confusion of his mineralogy) standing some twenty-five feet high, with a natural cave under it in which the Brook Farmers used to shelter themselves from the rain and in and out of which the orphan children crawl in their pastimes. The old well near the house, still yields its liquid treasure as in 1841, but no Priscilla is there to drop down it the community's best pitcher, for the water in this inventive age is now

drawn by a towering stately windmill. The cloister of murmuring pines where the masqueraders sounded in Hawthorne's ear as if "Comus and his crew were holding their revels in one of its lonesome glades," is still utilized for similar purposes, but in the summer time a chance wayfarer on the road instead of seeing the picturesquely attired masqueraders of the "Blithedale Romance," would now catch glimpses of dirty ragged German urchins, brought from the slums of Boston to enjoy a picnic day in the country.

And so after all there is but little actual evidence left to mark the spot where the famous group of Brook Farmers lived, however much there may at present be imbedded in our society, thoughts and tendencies, that are the direct result of this unique experiment, some half a century ago. Hawthorne says in the closing chapter of his romance: "Often in these years that are darkening around me, I remember our beautiful scheme of a noble and unselfish life; and how fair, in that first summer appeared the prospect that it might endure for generations, and be perfected, as the ages rolled away, into a system of a people and a world." But oh! the irony of it all, the attempt, however hard they may have labored, has long since failed. It is now well-nigh forgotten. The spot where Hawthorne tried so bravely to milk his transcendental heifer serves to-day as a playground for the poor German orphans. What will it be to-morrow?





The Entrance to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

## IN KENTUCKY'S MAMMOTH CAVE

BY R. ELLSWORTH CALL, PH. D.

**F**IRST among the caverns of the earth the Mammoth Cave has long attracted those who love the marvelous and the unique. It has appealed to their sense of the beautiful; to their love of the strange and wonderful; to their powers of imagination. The impressions which casual visitors and long-time students have gained have produced a great mass of literature the titles of which, both books and pamphlets, now make a list which nearly numbers four hundred. Of these most are the results of hasty visits, others of borrowed material revised and not always well authenticated; others still are the result of gleanings by those who have never seen more than a moiety of the wonders which this great underground region has in store.

In the early part of the present century a hunter by name of Hutchins, or

Houchuns, gave through an accident of the chase the first information of the great cave. In pursuit of a wounded bear which, hard pressed, took refuge in the entrance, then nearly filled with the debris of the primitive forests, he found the cavern. How far he ventured within its forever open mouth, what he thought as the great, gloomy hall became more clearly outlined in the uncertain blaze of his pine knot torch, will remain alike unknown. Whether the Hutchins of tradition ever lived is now unknown. No trace of the family name remains in that part of Kentucky. It is certain only that the cave was discovered. Its original finder made haste to tell of his discovery and soon the local world was talking of the great wonder.

The finding of this cavern had more than a passing significance. In 1809,



when the cavern was made known, gunpowder was almost worth its weight in gold in Kentucky. Far away from the great centres of civilization that necessary part of the backwoodman's paraphernalia was hard to procure and was treasured carefully when obtained. Several years previously, in 1805 and 1806, a roving Philadelphia chemist had investigated the nitre bearing caves in the vicinity of Lexington, then the Kentucky metropolis. As Latinus first taught the Latins agriculture so Doctor Samuel Brown first taught the early Kentuckians the value of nitre bearing soils and the process of gunpowder manufacture. Caves, over-hanging cliffs, shelving rocks, were alike examined and the loose debris on their bottoms or faces was examined for lime nitrate to use as the basis of the manufacture of saltpetre. A great industry was soon inaugurated in Kentucky, made more generally useful still by the embargo which the war of 1812-14 put on our foreign commerce, and cave-hunting for this purpose became more than a pastime. Every open hole was entered; every suitable location exploited. Mammoth



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Lover's Leap.



The Path leading up to the entrance of the Cave.

Cave was visited with this purpose in view and vast quantities of soil, charged with lime nitrate were found. Soon Philadelphia and Lexington capitalists controlled the cavern and its exploitation went on with a view to securing its great mineral content. Every accessible part of the cave was soon visited and from the miners came wonderful stories of extent and beauties; nor were these accounts entirely free from the incidents which vivid imaginations sometimes give to unusual places. Occasional vague accounts, agreeing only in the statements as to the great extent of the cavern, soon found their way into the eastern press and the great cavern was a fact of history. But not yet of science. More than a quarter century passed before any scientific account of the cavern was prepared; and this was not unmingled with the improper use of the imagination in science. About the year 1840 marks the time of the first fairly accurate account of the scientific aspect of Mammoth Cave.

The history of the various maps of this cavern would prove interest-

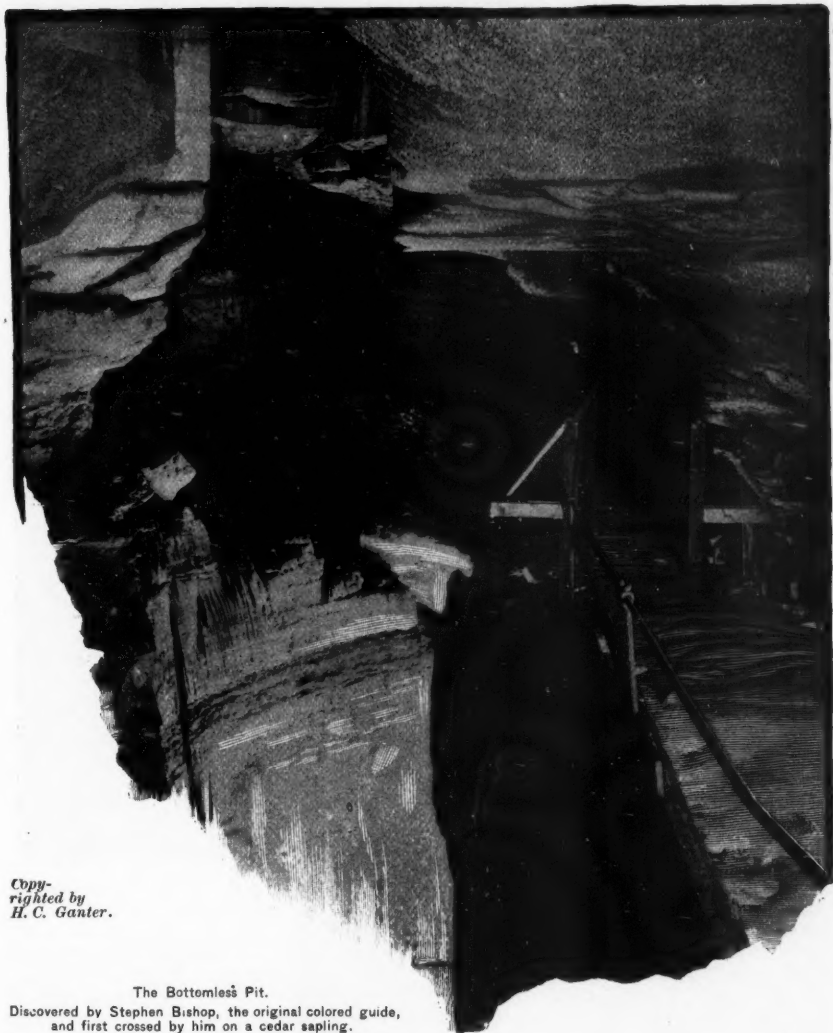
ing reading to the antiquarian. They begin in 1814, with a brief and inaccurate sketch map, by a certain Mr. Bogert, followed two years later by the impossible map of Doctor Ward, in the *Worcester Spy*, and by various modifications of these in the magazine literature of the period. The first and only published instrumental survey, presented in map form from the time of discovery to the present date, was Lee's map, made in 1835. Neither compass nor chain have been employed in any other survey and all others are largely products of a rather lively imagination. Distances and areas are often misstated; something in the crude methods of illumination gives one magnified ideas of dimensions. The exact truth is sufficiently wonderful and no one who has seen any part of its labyrinthine wanderings, its grand halls, its marvellous rivers, its abysmal pits, in vaulted domes, wishes for statements other than facts.

The visitor to Mammoth Cave reaches it after a most pleasant ride over the wonderful region of west central Kentucky, traversed by the great Louisville and Nashville railroad, whose palatial coaches long since displaced the lumbering stage by which only, formerly, could the cave be visited. Half-way between the metropolitan cities of the twin states of Kentucky and Tennessee the cavern invites all north or south bound travellers to inspect its wonders during a brief period of real rest from the toil of travel. If the traveller be an observing man he will have noted a peculiar feature in the region through which for some time he has been travelling. With infrequent exceptions, and these the very largest streams like the Green and the Barren rivers, the valleys will have no running waters. Neither creek nor brook will greet his eye. Nor will he fail to note the peculiarly broken character of the surface. Here and there a larger pit, or depression, may attract his attention but he will soon discover that he is sweeping across or along the margin of greater depressions, some of which are hundreds of acres in extent. He will see these peculiar places on every hand. As he approaches the vicinity of the cave itself these depressions will become more characteristic of the landscape. He is riding swiftly along in the

very heart of the "sink-hole region" of Kentucky, whose entire country rock is traversed by underground channels; and here and there the surface rocks have tumbled in and the pits and depressions he sees are the indications of caverns without number and without end. Eight thousand square miles of this region are around him. Master of all the other of the hundreds of caves now known in the region grand Mammoth Cave is at last reached, the goal of his journey.

The entrance to the cavern is romantic in the extreme. Garlanded with noble chestnut oaks and tulip-trees, and fringed with graceful vines, among which flashes out the vivid green of ferns, while the damp rocks about and below are covered with the brightest of green liverworts, and in the midst of them all the cavernous opening, descending sheer fifty feet, under arch of rock from which leaps a perennial spring, the outlines of the whole shading off into impenetrable blackness, such is the scene upon which the visitor looks on sudden turn to the right at the base of the hill in which the opening, by freak of nature, is placed. Ideal place this for artist, for lover, for wooer of nature! Primeval forests, brilliant birds, unaccustomed flowers, new emotions! Little wonder is it that some there are who here turn back, forgetful of the wonders below and fain to stay above in the land of flowers and sunshine. Once well within the entrance the new scenes and frequent attractions soon make one forget the upper world so intent does he become on the things about him.

Not far within the avenue which leads to the first great hall, the rotunda, the visitor will pass by a wall of loose rocks, regularly arranged and fringing the pathway on either side. These were thus placed by the miners of 1810 and are the sole monument of an Indian woman and child which here lie buried, on the left, at a spot near Hutchins' Narrows. Few there are who know that this spot is thus honored, for while signs of primitive visitations abound far within the cavern, even to Chief City, in the old cave, no other human remains were ever found in Mammoth Cave. The woman and child have been several times particularly described by early antiquarian writers, but with the descriptions there have been given a num-



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H. C. Ganter.

The Bottomless Pit.

Discovered by Stephen Bishop, the original colored guide,  
and first crossed by him on a cedar sapling.

ber of statements which have no other basis than the imagination.

At the Rotunda, the first magnificent hall, and with but two or three rivals in the cave, the great work accomplished by the nitrate miners first appears. Huge piles of lixiviated dirt greet the eye on every hand, some untouched during all the four score years which have passed since first they were heaped from the

vats. These testify to a work of patriotism that we had well-nigh forgotten; had it not been for these dusky toilers in eternal midnight the war of 1812 might have ended quite differently, for us! But on every side are the remains of vats, and pipes, and tanks, and framework, used in the clumsy chemistry of that day. To this place, first of all, was brought the nitre-bearing dirt from Audubon Avenue,

the great hall which sweeps away to the right with graceful curve and roof smooth as artificial ceiling. In winter there may here be seen great clusters of bats, in hibernation, hanging head downwards from boss and point. They are here by myriads and make the walls black so thickly do they sometimes gather. For full three fourths of a mile the bottom has been dug over and the loose soil car-

est great hall in the cave, Chief City, now rarely visited by the tourist. But the journey to this immense hall of nearly three acres extent is well worth the toll; while on the way the several more celebrated features may also be seen. The Giant's Coffin, the Star Chamber, the Black Chambers, the Whale, the Cataracts, the Snow Storm, the Salts Gallery, all afford their several attractions and



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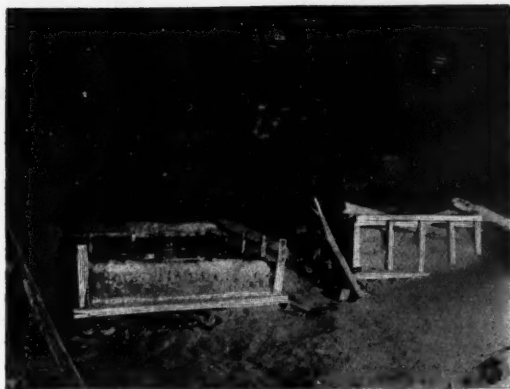
The Bacon Chamber, showing how visitors have made themselves known.

ried on the shoulders of brawny slaves to the vats in the Rotunda. At this point, and beyond, the little spring which gave the mimic cataract to the over-springing arch at the entrance, which we saw as we came in, did duty as a solvent for the lime nitrate which this soil contained. Then by pumps it was lifted through the entrance to the outer world to there be made to yield its powder-making treasures to the cause of commerce and independence.

From the Rotunda the Main Cave sweeps on to the left with arch fifty feet overhead and more than that in width. Two and one-half miles away is the larg-

est great hall in the cave, Chief City, now rarely visited by the tourist.

Far different from all other parts of Mammoth Cave the Gothic Avenue has always been attractive to the visitor. In few other places, excepting only the newly opened Olive's Bower, may stalactites be seen. Here they are numerous and some of them very large. Fact and fancy, mythologic lore and historic and biographic reminiscence have alike contributed to their naming. In no portion of the great cavern has caprice in bestowing names been so free as here. The Oak Pillar, Cæsar and Pompey, the Bee Hives, the Bridal Altar, the Arm Chair, are a



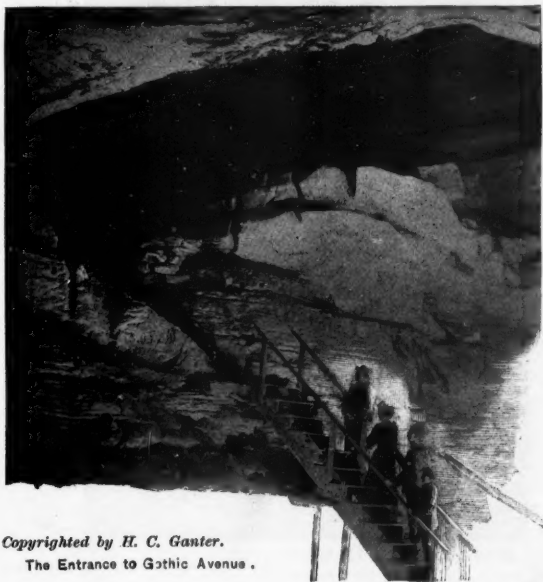
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The First Saltpetre Vats used in the early part of the century in the production of Nitrate for Gunpowder.

few of the names suggested by visitors and adopted by guides in past years. This portion of the cave is a rather low avenue, and leads to the Lover's Leap, three-fourths of a mile away, where the Dome Route usually ends. But beyond this point, down the Hill of Difficulty, through the Elbow Crevice, past Jacob's Pit and through Napoleon's Dome under which is Gate-wood's Dining Table, and the visitor enters Gratz Avenue, a tortuous, narrow way which leads to Annette's Dome and Lee's Cisterns. All naturalists who visit the cave should make this trip for in Annette's Dome is Shaler's Brook and in the brook are myriads of small white, blind crustaceans; here also are to be found the snow-white leeches, both rare and blind. Here water actively at work in carving domes and pits may be seen, better perhaps, than in any other portion of the cave. The beautifully fluted and irregular walls, the dome widening below, the rapidly running

brook which leaps from a higher channel midway in the wall, all tell of the work of underground waters in sculpturing; they further testify to the process of solution as that which nature here employs. Gratz Avenue is named for Hyman Gratz, of Philadelphia, who, conjointly with Charles Wilkins, of Lexington, conducted in this cave the manufacture of salt-petre during the troublous times of 1812-1814. It is one of the middle level avenues, the Gothic Avenue, by which it is entered, being at the highest level of the cave, about on a line with the present entrance.

At the Mummy's Niche, in Gothic Avenue, the guides usually recite the fiction of the Indian Mummy, of royal blood, said to have been found in Mammoth Cave. Though long since the real facts were made known romance yet permits the tale to the faithful guides from whom cold science has taken so much during



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The Entrance to Gothic Avenue.



these later years. The story goes that in the earlier years of the century, while knowledge of the cave was yet but fragmentary, the miners here found, resting in the niche, the mummified body of an Indian girl, which, from the variety of accompanying paraphernalia, their ready imagination clothed with regal place and burial. But the facts are that the mummy came from a neighboring cave, Salt Cave, some few miles away but yet on the Mammoth Cave estate. It was placed here by Gratz and Wilkins, or their manager, for exhibition purposes and kept for some time in Gothic Avenue. It was finally taken to Cincinnati and the east, and after having been exhibited in the Metropolis at length found a resting place in the American Society of Antiquarians Museum, in Worcester. So well did it rest that its very existence was forgotten until a few years since when its whereabouts and history became known and interested persons took it to the World's Columbian Exposition. Thence it was removed to Washington and now has found, let us hope, a final and useful resting place. A recent photograph shows the figure to be that of a woman, buried in

the manner usual to the North American Indian, in sitting posture, with arms folded across her breast. The real facts are none the less interesting than if the mummy had, indeed, been found in Mammoth Cave.

Among the wonderful features of this great cavern, where everything is wonderful, the great domes and pits are not the least. Some of these reach from the base-level of the cave up to, and into, the great subcarboniferous sandstone capping which is characteristic of the region. Beginning as mere fissures these have developed into crevices, and the crevices into vertical channels through which fell the waters that gathered on the surface. Little could have been effected by these, as mere mechanical agents, notwithstanding the great periods of time through which they have been in action. But added to the slight mechanical effects were those chemic ones which belong to carbon dioxide in solution. The result in the thousands of years which have elapsed since they began their work is the great number of deep pits and domes. Their bottoms are strewn with masses of rock and finer debris from the sides and

roofs; on these incessantly fall the waters from high overhead, making still deeper these great halls and chambers. Some of these, like the Bottomless Pit, Gorin's Dome, Washington Pit, the Maelstrom, and Mammoth Dome, are well worth careful study. It is impossible to put into cold speech the impressions which one will gather as he stands at the margin or in the bottom of the great chambers. The sides curtained with alabaster, folded and fluted in ten thousand fantastic shapes, here and there a boss of coral which casts weird shadows from his flickering lamp along the vertical walls, the merry din of falling waters or the patter of hesitating drops which make a music unknown in the outer world, all conspire with the eternal gloom to make the place and its surroundings uncanny in the extreme. One hears his heart beat in the great stillness between the falling drops in some, while in others where is the rush of falling



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The Star Chamber.

waters the ears are dinned by the sounds coming to one intensified manifold from the resonator chambers all about him. No work of art so fixes the mind and so occupies all the attention as these great halls dug out by nature in the very depths of the earth. Alabaster curtains are not to be seen everywhere; they are rare in Mammoth Cave but they are glorious when seen. One wishes to get a peep behind the stony veil in the hope that other secrets of nature may thus be revealed. But, after all, these things which we thought so secret become plain when we make intelligent questioning. There are no secrets in Mammoth Cave which we may not unravel by persistent effort. Time and intelligence makes all the hidden things of nature to be plain and open.

The Mammoth Dome is probably the finest specimen of excavated hall in the cavern. It is wonderful beyond power of language to express. From bottom to top the height is little over one hundred and fifty feet. But viewed from below in the faint light of the rude lamps employed, or even in the glare of bengal lights, the top seems much farther above the observer. The distance is apparently increased by the fact that a perspective effect is given the nearly vertical walls because they really approach at the top. Like all other domes in the cavern this one widens below until it becomes a chamber fifty or more feet in width, winding in a sigmoid curve more than one hundred feet horizontally. At the upper and right hand, midheight, great masses of alabaster have formed, while surmounting them are the giant columns, resembling works of human hands, to which the name of Karnak has been happily given. These "ruins" antedate their namesakes on the Nile; they are covered with sheets of pure alabaster which are variously folded and contorted, giving one the impressions of vast curtains extending in fold after fold away into the dim recesses which are but imperfectly illuminated by his lamp. Certainly this locality will recall to one the



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At the Head of Echo River.

impressions of his youth when the folklore tales to which he listened told of wizards and how they turned, by their magic, the homes and persons of others into lasting stone. We wish we could speak the magical words which we feel sure will loose the forms we almost know are rock-cased here:

During frequent visits to Mammoth Cave nothing in it has so deeply impressed us as the famous Echo River. Intimations of its acoustic glories may be had at various points along River Hall, notably near Shakespear's Masque, that wonderful freak in the rocks which puts to blush many a human artist. Certain tones produced here come back to the listener softened and prolonged like music from hidden choirs. But after the first or second arch is passed, and the boat ride well begun, then comes to one the full realization of the wonderful symphony which greets him as the result of every sound. The very ripples are musical; the waves send back a grand anthem; the slightest intonation comes back from the hidden recesses a chorus. It would seem that an army of sprites takes up the grosser sounds and remoulds them, makes harmony out of discord and ten thousand chords out of one! Listen to that simple note sent out by the guide whose tuneful lips understand how to frame aright the sound for this great resonator, for such it simply is. It comes back in a thousand separate notes, each one becoming fainter

and still more faint as they roll adown the unknown chambers of this river of night. The darkness about us seems alive with invisible singers; we must be in fairy land indeed! We have enjoyed this experience more than two score times; each time it seems as new and wonderful as when its glories first burst on our ear.

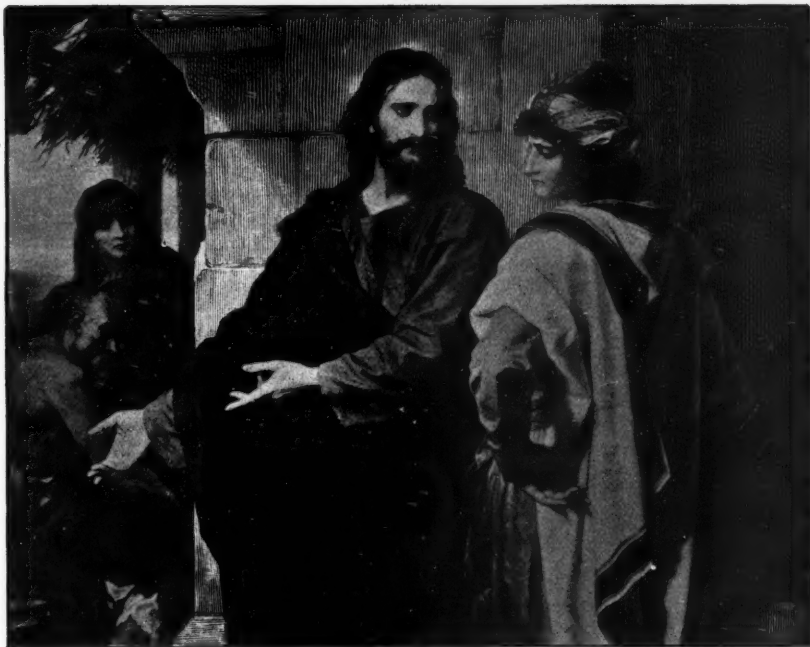
The discovery of the Echo River followed close upon the crossing of the Bottomless Pit by the intrepid Stephen Bishop, the original colored guide who gave us so much of our knowledge of this underground world. A cedar sapling was the sole support which allowed him to cross the great gulf which had held back people for nearly half a century. In the year 1840 he crossed the Pit at the level now taken by the tourist and soon announced the wonders beyond. The great, black stream was beheld by men for the first time. Its waters told no story to these earlier explorers either of life or of chemic work. To them it was only a slowly flowing stream, from night to night. At the end of Purgatory it stood as a menace to all who should attempt to unravel its secrets. To us, even now, the first venture of the frail and rude boat upon its unknown waters without hint of what could be beyond, was little short of reckless. But the voyage was safely made and marvels scarcely to be believed were told of what the low arches hid on the other side. It is over a half century since this voyage was accomplished; the tourist makes it now without once thinking of the gallant slave who took in his hands his life to gratify the curiosity of a master.

Beyond the Echo River the cavern extends nearly three miles presenting many interesting features not to be elsewhere seen. Near the Cascades, in Cascade Hall, are two large avenues neither of which is visited by tourists and in which few persons have ever been. These are Stephenson's Avenue and the Roaring River. The last named is a portion of the Echo River, or a sluggishly flowing branch of it, and is named from the character of its echo. Only at lowest water in very dry seasons can it be with safety explored. It is then but a succession of deep pools and muddy flats, with an occasional cross stream of running water.

These pools are famous haunts for blind fish and for the white cray-fish, also blind. The end of this avenue has never been reached. Stephenson's Avenue has been traversed by us to its end, near Croghan's Hall, but at a much lower level.

After passing through the long, narrow tortuous, avenue called El Gaoir, which connects Silliman's Avenue with those sections of the cave in which crystallized gypsum is found in greatest quantity, and after climbing past Mary's Vineyard, Washington Hall is reached where begin these famous crystalline growths which make the marvellous Cleaveland's Cabinet. This is a large, rather low, avenue the ceilings and walls of which are completely covered with gypsum "formations" of wonderful intricacy and beauty. From this point on to near the Rocky Mountains either calcite or gypsum crystals abound. They simulate every known form of petal, and are closely crowded like mimic flowers; they spread and turn in plain violation of the laws of gravity. In the Snowball Room they are of fibrous gypsum curling from a center and piling up one on another giving completest impression of a recent schoolboy battle with veritable snowballs, thousands of which still cling to the roof as if but just thrown. The beautiful white masses now and then fall of their own weight; but time grows others to take their places. Some of the "flowers" are as white as snow and quite a foot in diameter, with bract, and petal, and stamen, and pistil as in the real flowers of the upper world. These beautiful poems in stone seem too frail to touch; they make the beauty of the trans-riparian regions.

Our survey ends with Croghan's Hall, where are a few small stalactites and the wonderful Maelstrom, a pit which rivals those we first saw near the entrance. We gaze into its depths; we illumine for a little its inky blackness; we hear the droppings of the mimic waterfall which is yet at work digging the pit deeper still; we wonder where and how those waters again reach the surface, laden with their mineral content. We cannot answer all the questions which will arise and turn to retrace our steps glad we have had at least one view of the underground world of Kentucky.



Christ and the Rich Ruler.  
From the painting by H. Hofmann.

## CHRIST AND HIS TIME\*

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

### THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Escape to the Borders of Tyre and Sidon—Retreat to the Decapolis and the Miracles there—Pharisees Refused a Sign; The Disciples Warned—Teaching at the Feast of Tabernacles—The Man Born Blind—Parable of the Good Shepherd—Peter's Great Confession—The Transfiguration—End of Ministry in Galilee—Commencement of the Last Journey to Jerusalem—The Seventy Sent Forth.

**E**VENTS now move rapidly. When this last discourse in the synagogue of Capernaum was finished (it was the last time He ever spoke there) the disillusioning of the people was complete. That saddest Sabbath, thus far in His life, ended, Jesus again sought to escape the tumult of disappointment, defection and open hostility, and with the disciples, secretly departed across the

hills to the borders of Tyre and Sidon. Jesus sorely needed rest and solitude, and His disciples must be kept from the spreading contagion of this poisonous misunderstanding and hate. The shadow of death was rapidly deepening. Lowering signs of the hate-storm were everywhere gathering. He needed to prepare Himself and His followers for the awful fate. The trip to the eastern shore had failed—

\* This serial began in the November number, 1896.

it was too near the field of his labors—but in the remote western hills of Galilee, Jesus thought none would know Him, and here, in a private home, in the most distant edge of Galilee, He sought refuge.

But again rest and quiet were denied Him. He was too well known in the land. Report of His presence spread, and among others, a Syro-Phœnician woman, a heathen, hastened to beg Him to heal her demonized daughter. It is an intensely dramatic story. Mighty mother-love, agony of appeal, the apparent indifference of Jesus, the burst of truth, the leap of faith and the answer of Christ, are the vivid strokes of this most striking sketch in Jesus' Galilean life.

His seeming reluctance to grant the distressed mother's wish needs explanation. "Have mercy upon me, Oh Lord, Thou Son of David!" she exclaimed, and He answered her not a word. Why? Because being a heathen, and so understanding nothing of Christ's spiritual mission, her address, "Son of David," meant that Jesus stood to her for the Israelitish Messiah, a mere miracle worker and Jew. And this was the view of the crowds, and as yet, the view of His own disciples; and this view He had all along endeavored to dispel. He *must* grant her prayer, but to have done so, with the disciples looking on, in answer to that form of address would have been to undo all He had taught them about His personality and mission, and to have performed only a miracle as a Jew, the Son of David, not as a Saviour, the Son of God. So He delays that He may teach her Who He really is, and to teach the Jewish disciples on the one hand, and this Gentile woman on the other, what their mutual relations were, and how they stand related to Him.

The disciples, sharing the woman's view that Jesus was a Jew only, the Son of David, and, as such, would have nothing to do with a heathen, asked Him to send the woman away. "I am not sent save to the lost sheep of the house of Israel," was His reply, which was true as regards His earthly life; for as He implied in this answer it was not His, but His disciples'—Israel's—mission to convert the world. But the woman saw a personal meaning in this answer. Flashed the thought: If as the Son of David He comes only to Jews, I must claim help on other grounds

and falling at His feet she cried, "*Lord help me!*" To her then He answered, lest she might still be thinking of Him as a mere Jew: "But it is not meet to cast the children's bread to the dogs. If to you I am a Jewish Messiah, to be true to that rôle I must treat you Jewishly—as a dog." Then came the burst of full light, Who He was, and their relation; and she rejoins instantly, "Truth Lord! But the dogs eat the crumbs which fall from *their* master's table! If I am a dog, I am *your* dog and you are *my* Master. Ownership and its claims exist between us. I have a *right* to ask this blessing of You." That deep discernment, far deeper than the disciples had yet shown, raised her from *beneath* the table to a place *at* the table, where the Jewish children were refusing to sit. Her soul had met Christ's and in great joy He bade her go—having all her soul's desire.

#### RETREAT TO THE DECAPOLIS AND THE MIRACLES THERE.

Privacy in the region of Tyre and Sidon was hopelessly at an end. Leaving the friendly house, Jesus went north through Sidon, made a long circuit and came out into the territory of Philip and descended into the Decapolis—the confederacy of "Ten Cities,"—stopping near where He fed the five thousand.

But here He could not be hid. Great multitudes quickly gathered about Him, bringing all their diseased for Him to heal. He cured them, but He sighed as He put His fingers into the deaf ears and upon the blind eyes, for, though by the very nature of His being, He must heal, still He sighed that the people were concerned for the body only, and that He must descend before them to the level of a miracle-monger. Some would even in this day degrade Christ to this level and make Christianity a sort of science of physical health. The people followed Him so closely now, that it became necessary again to feed a multitude of four thousand when bread could not be obtained.

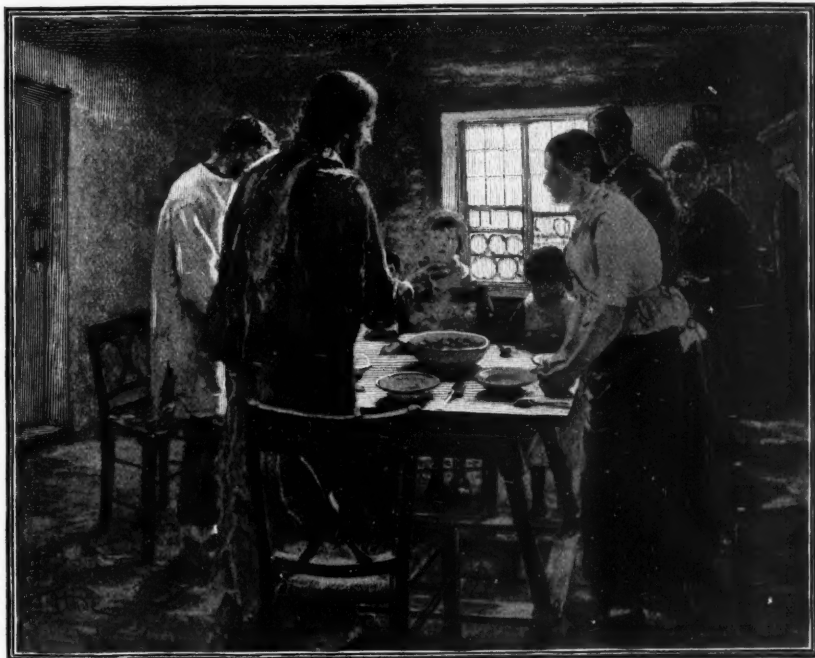
Departing from here, Jesus came over to the western coast to Dalmanutha, a little place near Tarichea, in the southwest corner of the Decapolis. Here His enemies, the Pharisees, met Him and hoping to embroil Him in discussion, they asked Him, in accordance with Rabbinic



notions and practice, for a sign from Heaven in confirmation that His words and works were of God.

It was a malicious temptation. A sign to these sinister spies, before Whom already He had done openly all His mighty works and spoken as never man spake? Strange! They could discern in the sky what the morrow's weather would be, but they could not see the storm cloud gather-

deep dejection covered the hearts of Master and disciples. Finally He warned them against the leaven of the Pharisees—the leaven of lack of faith as manifested in their desire for a sign—for it was liable to poison them also. The disciples misunderstood the figure. In their hurry they had forgotten bread; there was only one loaf in the boat. They looked at each other; what did He mean? Ah!



Christ in the Peasant's Home.  
From the painting by Von Uhde.

ing on their country's horizon; could not hear the thunder of their nation's coming doom. And these men ask a spiritual sign! No sign but the sign of Jonah's repentance-call, should be given them.

He could not enter into conflict with them now. The hand was moving rapidly around the dial; six months more of life, and His day—their day—would come. He must keep away from them till then; and He took the boat again and came up to Bethsaida-Julias. It was probably a sad and silent voyage. Little was said, for

He suspected them of purposely forgetting bread that they might compel Him to miraculously feed them again, and so force Him to show them the sign asked for by the Pharisees. Jesus denies the suspicion, and reproving them sharply, calls to their minds the two miracles of feeding, and how in each case they lacked faith. They understood that He warned them against the teaching of the Pharisees which led to unbelief. After healing a blind man here by touching his eyes, Jesus went over into Capernaum.

TEACHING AT THE FEAST OF  
TABERNACLES.

We are by no means sure of the order of the events at this period; but we believe it was at this time in Capernaum that Jesus' brethren met Him with the request to go up to the feast of Tabernacles (which was then at hand) and show Himself to the nation openly. How little they believed in Jesus! How narrow and false their thoughts of Him! A pretty Messiah Thou, they said contemptuously, hid here in remote Galilee, working miracles before the superstitious; preaching to the ignorant rabble; followed by a few fishermen and publicans of no reputation! Thou Who dost claim to be Messiah, yet cannot meet the challenge of the Pharisees for a sign, Who art unwilling to preach to the intelligence of Jerusalem, Who dare not face the Scribes, go up to the capital and show Thyself where all men may see Thee work, where the teachers may test Thee, and the nation accept Thee!

Such was their taunt, and temptation,—the temptation of the wilderness again. But He would not reveal Himself thus.

His time had not yet come. He would not go up to the feast for any such purpose. But the time would come; He would reveal Himself but not as they wished. His brethren went on. He lingered.

Jerusalem was aglow with gay festivity. The feast of Tabernacles (this year from October 11 to 18) was the most joyous of them all. The city was crowded. The feast was in progress, and there was but one theme in the minds and upon the lips of all—Jesus. No one dared mention Him openly for fear of the rulers; but furtively all went about looking for Him, and under their breath men whispered wonderingly about Him. Had He come? Where was He? Who was He? The whole nation was excited over Him. The multitudes were divided in their opinions of Him; some were for Him, others against Him. The Sanhedrim had already decreed His death, which was well known to all Jerusalemites but not to the pilgrims.

Suddenly, four or five days before the close of the feast, in the great porch of Herod, on the south side of the Temple, where thousands of worshippers were gathered, discussing the burning question



"Glorious snow-clad Hermon, glistening white from every quarter of the land. Mountain Chief of Palestine."  
The scene of the transfiguration.  
*From a photograph.*

of the Messiah, Jesus appeared and began to speak. The power of His words astounded everybody. There were the Scribes, the elders, the common people, and all exclaimed: "How does this Man know literature, never having learned?"

In Jerusalem a Teacher was credited in the measure that his teaching accurately represented what had been taught by the Rabbis of old, by Moses, and by God. On that ground Jesus made the highest claim for His words. "I do know letters," in substance He

replied, "though I have not learned in your schools, nor been taught by your Rabbis; I am taught directly by God. Here is the test, the proof of My claims: Lay these teachings to your hearts and you will know whether they be of God or of man." They will bear that test. If all Jesus teaches accords with the best in our spirits, satisfies our whole moral nature, and leads us to God, Who is He but the "Sent of God"—the Christ?

"I am not seeking My own glory," He continued, "but the glory of Him that sent Me. You do not accept Me nor perceive my real mission and spirit. You violate the spirit of the Law and you try to kill Me." Some in the crowd did not know of the decree of the Sanhedrim and thought Jesus crazy for saying this for they saw no one trying to kill Him. But the Jerusalemites in the throng knew and already wondered that He was allowed to speak. Some asked if the rulers were shaken in their belief concerning Him, but others answered, with a sneer, "When the Christ

comes no one will know when nor from where. But this fellow! Everybody knows He is a Galilean." "True," replied Jesus, "you think you know, and you would know if I had come of myself. But I am not come of myself. He that sent Me is the real one. Him ye know not." That infuriated a part of the crowd and they would have mobbed Him but the dignity, the majesty, the unapproachable grandeur of this defenceless Man, overawed them. But these words led others



"And he called a little child unto Him and said to His disciples . . .  
"Except ye be converted . . . and become like this simple, happy child  
. . . ye cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven."

*From the drawing by Alex. Bide.*

to believe, and they dispersed for the night murmuring, "Christ, when He cometh, will do no more miracles than this One did."

All this had been watched by the rulers. They had a conference, and orders were given to the Temple-guard to seize Jesus on the first opportunity. He was aware of their dark purposes and on a succeeding day, as He saw the officers of the guard skulking behind the pillars, said to those about Him, but so these spies could hear, "Yet a little while am I with you, then I go away to Him that sent Me. Ye shall seek Me and not find Me; and where I am, thither ye cannot come." The unspeakable sadness of the heart from whose depths came these pathetic words,

so full of the prophecy of the last bitter days!

The "last, the great day of the Feast" came, and Jesus again is in the Temple. The priest with the golden pitcher filled at the Pool of Siloam has returned and poured the holy water into the altar amid the rejoicings of the people. The thrilling rites were ended; the people's thanksgiving prayer died away; a solemn hush had fallen; when, from among the crowd of worshippers, spake One in tones that broke the silence with music sweeter than the silvery blast of an angel's trumpet: "If any one thirst, let Him come unto Me and drink!" It was the voice of Jesus. Never yet had He so solemnly, so authoritatively declared Himself. Instantly there was commotion. Awed and thrilled some exclaimed, "This is the Prophet!" Others grasping more, cried out, "This is the Christ!" But the Judean Jews, more bitter than ever, sneered, "Shall Christ come out of Gallilee?" and they would have laid hands on Him but they dared not.

There was rage among the priests too, when the officers they had sent to arrest Him returned empty-handed. They half confessed Jesus' power over them, which only added fuel to the hate-fire of the priests. "Why have ye not brought Him?" they asked. Shamefaced the minions replied: "No man ever spake like this Man." Then spake Nicodemus, the night-disciple, still under cover of his timidity, yet unable wholly to restrain himself, asking that Jesus have a trial, but he was hushed with the contemptuous reply: "Art thou also of Gallilee?" Far better had Nicodemus stood boldly for his Lord; then as he went to his home that night with others, there would have been no nameless pain and sorrow in his heart at so unworthy and fruitless a compromise.

There was an extra day (the Octave) added to this feast and on this day Jesus once more appeared and delivered those marvellous and sad addresses whose substance we have in the eighth chapter of John's Gospel. We will pass the story of the adulterous woman, for while most students believe it not genuine, all agree that it did not originally belong to John's book. But there is much of Christ in it.

This day Christ led the Pharisees and

the Jews by unanswerable arguments—yet with none effect—to see their own sinfulness and bondage to sin; His God-sent mission and their eternal death if they did not accept Him as their Messiah; and closing His revelation of Himself by declaring—while the infuriated mob rushed for stones to hurl at Him—"Before Abraham was, I am!"

We feel in these discourses more than we have yet felt, how real the consciousness of His divinity was to Jesus. He spoke here with the shadow of death over Him, and the sadness, the earnestness, born of that dread certainty, colors all His thought. But how beautiful the patience, the tenderness, the forgiveness that breathes in all He says, that makes the very atmosphere in which He moves!

It was not difficult to hide from the wild crowd, and presently Jesus got away from the Temple unobserved and unmolested. His hour was not yet come.

#### THE MAN BORN BLIND.

The next Sabbath as Jesus was passing out of the Temple, He came upon a man who was born blind. The disciples, still holding the teaching of their Rabbis, asked, Who had sinned, the man or his parents? It was the question we so often ask: How harmonize these strange dispensations of evil with the infinite goodness of God? We cannot wholly, but Christ's words help us to a partial and trustful explanation.

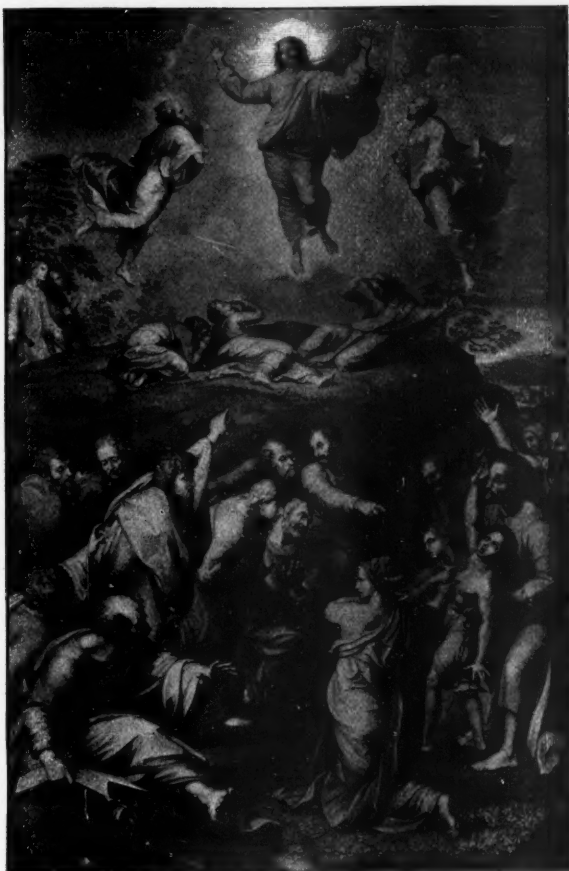
These evil things come, not by direct interposition of God but with His knowledge and in accordance with the benign but rigid laws of nature (His laws) which are necessary for nature's existence. But Jesus here teaches that His mission is to remove all sin, the basal, moral cause of all disease. He answered, "These things are that the works of God might be made manifest in Him." Then half to Himself, it seems, sublimely aware of His divinity, He says: "I am the light of the world," and forthwith makes the blind man to see.

As the man returned from the pool of Siloam where Jesus sent him to wash, many began to question him, to whom he said, "A Man named Jesus cured me." The miracle soon reached the ears of the Pharisees and they immediately summoned the man before them. He told

them the same straightforward story. They were nonplussed; sorely confounded. Disputes burned hot in their learned circle. Could they turn this against Jesus? Unable to shake the man they called the parents, hoping to prove that the son never had been blind. The parents said he was their son and was born blind, but fearing excommunication, they would know nothing of the cure, and shifted all responsibility back to the son. He was equal to it. The doctors solemnly and coaxingly renewed their efforts on the youth, but he was neither to be driven nor drawn to deny his Benefactor, and he answered that he did not know whether or not Jesus was the sinner they called Him; but one thing he did know, that whereas he was once blind, now he saw. Again they pressed him but he was in no mood for even learned foolery and turned upon them

with such wanton contempt and disregard for their long robes and grey beards that the whole bench was upset. "Will ye also be His disciples?" he sneered.

They were wild with fury, and lost control of themselves and their cause, too. The simple, straightforward, courageous beggar was more than a match for them in argument on their own ground; and when no longer able to defend themselves, these worthy doctors vanquished him, as they often do nowadays,—they cast him out.



"Jesus is transfigured before them . . . His glory outshines the sunset glory of Hermon . . . On either side of him, glorified figures, are Moses and Elijah."

*From the painting by Raphael.*

He was excommunicated—more lost to society and hope than a leper. But hearing this, Jesus sought him out and revealing Himself in all His Divinity to the man, raised him by his faith into fellowship and life with the pure company in God's spiritual world of light and love and truth.

#### THE PARABLE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Perhaps it was this same day that Jesus drew this exquisite picture of pastoral life, the allegory of the Good Shepherd. No words of ours can fitly frame this



heavenly picture. The depth of its tenderness has never been sounded by human heart; the height of its thought has never been reached by human imagination; the compass, the sweep, the range of the love here revealed, is beyond men to comprehend. All here is infinite.

There are two thoughts in the allegory that must be touched: First, Christ is the Door into the fold of God, the Kingdom of Heaven. There is no other entrance. All who would enter into the truth and love of the Father must enter by Christ, the only Door. He said it, and the centuries of growing light and wisdom have proven His words true. Christianity without a Divine Christ is impossible. And what are all other revelations of God compared with the Christ's? Second, the thought of the character of the Good Shepherd, Who lays down His life (of His own willing) and takes it up again, for the life of His sheep, in order that they may be saved and that all His sheep, Jews and Gentiles, may be gathered into one flock to have Him for their one Shepherd. This was the commandment that He had received from the Father.

#### PETER'S GREAT CONFESSION.

All was discord and division in Jerusalem and in the hearts of all the people concerning Jesus. The leaven of the Pharisees was working everywhere, even in the breasts of the Twelve, notwithstanding the warning. The Pharisees' plot was hourly thickening about Him, but He had much to tell the disciples yet, and He must remove them from this poisonous atmosphere to some place where the pure truth might be taught them and where He might prepare them for the terrible strain of the approaching ordeal.

Far away through Judæa and Galilee beyond the northern border-citadel of Dan, to the region about Caesarea Philippi, to Mount Hermon, Jesus leads the little band, and here, for days, He prays with them and instructs them until the disciples wake for the first time to a realization of the true personality of their Teacher, and Peter confesses Him the Christ of God. Peter's great confession far transcends any he had yet made

and infinitely overreaches the loftiest Jewish expectations.

That revelation came as the general impression of all his associations with Jesus, and as the special result of days of prayer and teaching here in the sublime solitudes about Hermon. The leaven of the Pharisees had touched the disciples' souls. Their belief was clouded by these conflicting opinions of the enemies of their Master. Like a sudden burst of light through storm-clouds, flashed this revelation.

"Who do men say I am?" He inquired. There were many differing opinions—all wrong. "But Whom do *ye* say that I am?" asked He quickly, laying stress upon the "*ye*." Then came Peter's God-taught confession, the first confession of the Church, upon which, that is upon this rock of faith and spiritual insight, this "Petrine in Peter," this confession, "I will build My Church," replied Jesus as the joy of the great confession filled His hungry heart. And to such an exalted spirit and sublime faith, should be given the keys to the doors of spiritual things, and power to discern and judge rightly the questions of the soul.

This deep spiritual conception of the disciples, opened the way at last, even made it necessary, for Jesus to show them the whole plan of His Messianic mission—even the Cross and Crown—though as yet they must not proclaim it. They were not yet prepared for that, not yet prepared to understand or believe it, for as Jesus sketches with few but awful strokes the picture of His passion and death, the passionate, human-hearted Peter, interrupts Him with a beseeching rebuke, "This shall not be unto Thee." Anything to the Jew but a crucified Messiah! It was once more the temptation of the Wilderness, and again Jesus had to say, "Get thee behind Me Satan!"

The revelation was a crushing disappointment; the rebuke was severe, and, as if in sympathy, that the truth might be made more reasonable, and easy to bear, Jesus called a multitude about Him and taught them that divine lesson of sacrifice and submission saying, "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

## THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Six days have passed; days of intimate, patient instruction by the Son, days of unbroken communion with the Father, here in the solemn silences that brood over majestic Hermon like the spirit of

clad Hermon, glistening white from every quarter of the land! Mountain Chief of Palestine!

These six days following Peter's great confession were spent in the glades at the foot of Hermon. Now with Peter and



The Tribute Money.  
From the painting by Titian.

prayer. The region about Hermon is grand beyond any scenery in Palestine. Here is majesty of mountain, music of falling water, contrast and mingling of light and shade, richness of verdure and purity and vitality of air equalled, in all the compass of the wide horizon, only in mightier Lebanon. Oh, glorious snow-

James and John, the three understanding and loving Him best, Jesus is ascending high up the mountain. The sun is setting behind the snowy summit, which glows against the burning sky with a myriad varying tints and flaming colors. Millions of crystal prisms catch the streaming light and spread it, wave upon wave

of blending hue, in a transfiguring halo of gleaming glory about the mountain's sublimed head. Long shadows come galloping down the gorges and through the valleys, running far across the lowlands, till one, outreaching its fellows, points a dark peak against the eastern horizon wall. Green leaves and deep grass, fed by dews distilled from the almost eternal snows above, clothe every valley, and climbing vines cling in rich festoons over the face of every ragged cliff. There was a delicious cool and vigor in the air, dropping from the heights, laden with the breath of snows. Silence everywhere, broken through with gurgle, plash and roar of mountain waters! Soon the light began to die, the peak gleamed gold and rosy, faded and shone again, now cold and white; the deep blue deepened in the sky; pale and pure and far away the stars came out; the moon rose, and over peak and plain and sea lay the long bars of dreamful light and shadows.

In that evening hour, high up on the mountain, the Master and the three disciples prayed. What time and place for devotion! They prayed, and, exhausted with the long ascent, the disciples fell asleep, while Jesus prayed on, apart and alone; prayed for these three that their holden eyes might be opened to see the reality of this Divine Sonship, that through the death struggle coming they might not be lost; prayed, too, for Himself, for rest and strength, that He might be submissive in the approaching conflict, and, through obedience, still be victor even over death.

And lo, as He prayed, a strange and beautiful light! It woke the disciples. In a half-stupor of sleep, dazed by the mysterious radiance, they beheld the face of Jesus changed. It shone with an effulgence more splendid than the sun; and gleaming splendor bathed His being till the very garments glistened, white as no fuller on earth could whiten them. Jesus is transfigured before them! His glory outshines the sunset glory of Hermon, and dims the moonlight on the crystal peaks. And see! On either side of Him a glorified figure, Moses and Elijah, the founder and reformer of Israel, speaking with Him of His decease which He shall accomplish at Jerusalem.

The three gaze speechless at the vision,

when, as they look, over Hermon spreads a cloud, luminous, refulgent with a light not of night or day, rolling out and down till the vision of the Christ is wrapped within it. An ecstasy of confusion and fearful joy possess the disciples. Peter feared his Lord was about to be taken up in this cloud-chariot of splendor and cried out to detain Him, "Lord it is good for us to be here: if Thou wilt, I will build here three tabernacles; one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elijah." But the gleaming cloud poured on over them, and terror seized them, when, from the midst of the glory spake the Voice of Heaven: "This is My beloved Son. Hear Him."

They fell, overcome with the heavenly glory, and when, at last, they lifted up their eyes, the cloud had passed, the light was gone and they saw with them Jesus only. Fear still held them but He bent above them saying, "Arise, be not afraid."

No, we cannot account for this greatest miracle, as we cannot for any miracle, nor for the miracle of miracles, the very life of Jesus, except by believing that He was, as He claimed, the Divine Christ. Any theory of how the story might have been invented or the three disciples have dreamed a dream is altogether harder to believe than the miracle itself. But this transfiguration is in harmony with all that we know of Christ's life, and has a natural place here, as a link in the chain of that life. And to the disciples it would shine even through the dark, rayless night of the Garden and Calvary.

This marks the highest point in Christ's earthly life; now He begins the descent from the mountain of glory to the valley of shame and death.

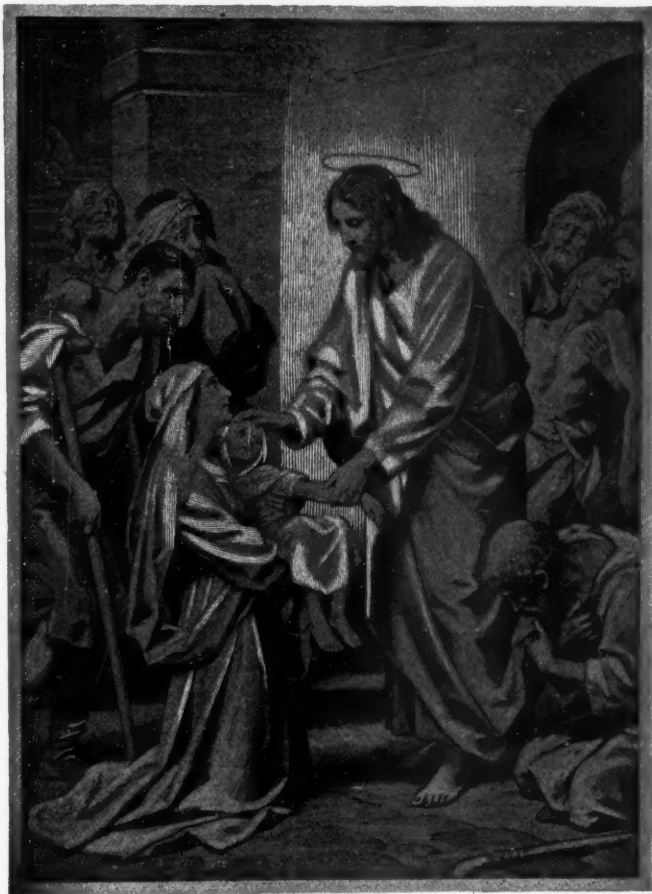
#### END OF THE MINISTRY IN GALILEE.

We are reaching the beginnings of the end. The disciples had seen the ineffable glory of their transfigured Lord, but they did not understand, that thus He would appear after His death; for though He now told them again that He must die, they were still awaiting a Jewish Messiah, and could not put a literal meaning into the Master's words.

They pondered upon the mystery of the vision; of why He bade them keep it secret till after His death; and of what that death could mean, as they descended the mountain on the morrow; and finally

one of the three asked Him, Why the Scribes had always taught that Elijah would come before the Messiah and restore all things. Jesus answered, that, to all who would receive him, John the Baptist was that prophet, for his was wholly

found the other nine disciples surrounded by a great concourse of excited people. A father had brought his lunatic son for Jesus to heal and not finding Him, had asked the disciples for help. In their presumption they tried, and failed. The



The Healing of the Sick.  
From a drawing by H. Hofmann.

a mission of preparation. And once more He tried to make them see that as the real Messiah, His reign was not what they hoped for, a reign of temporal power, but one of spiritual power, by love alone.

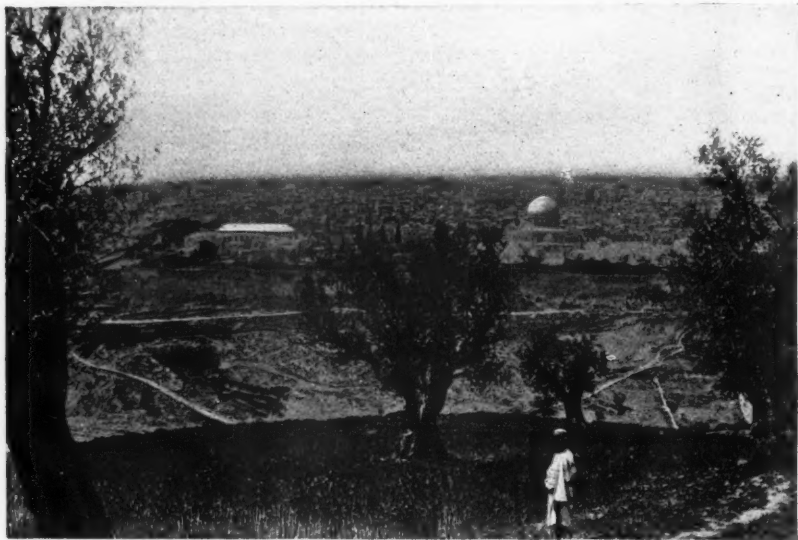
Reaching the foot of the mountain they

Scribes, who had hounded Jesus hither, were jeering at the disciples in their weakness, confusion and failure. But here stood Jesus with the light of the transfiguration not at all faded from His face, and the crowd beholding Him, ran toward Him and saluted Him.

The pitiable story was soon told Jesus, and with an exclamation of pain at the faithlessness of the disciples He turned Him to the father who was kneeling, crying, "If Thou canst help us!" Answered Jesus: "If *thou* canst, all things are possible to him that believeth." He could, he did, though with doubt all about him, "Lord I believe! Help Thou mine unbelief!" The essence of all faith! Bold yet fearful; trusting in the certainty of faith; clinging in the consciousness of unbelief. That faith was honored, and

Galilee, avoiding all publicity, ceasing all public work; for Jesus had just one object to accomplish now before His death, and that was the training of the Twelve; to prepare them for all that was to follow and for the work of continuing His mission when He was gone. The burden of all His teaching now, was His death and its meaning. The awful words sank deep into their minds but seem not to have reached their hearts with anything but pain and doubt.

They were aware that some great crisis



The City of Jerusalem as seen from the Mount of Olives.  
*From a photograph.*

the raving child was given again to his father, restored. And in the healing and giving, the love of God, His majesty and very Presence overshadowed with awe the great multitude.

It is not what God can do, but what *we* can do. The disciples failed because of unbelief in the true personality of Jesus, of lack of faith in the power of His spirit to heal. Truly "that kind" and the kind of demon in our own hearts cannot be expelled save by spiritual faith in Jesus and by prayer.

Now from Cæsarea Philippi, the little band began a slow journey back through

was close at hand, but what could it be, save the last complete Messianic revelation and the glorious proclamation of the King? The hope burned in their hearts and as they journeyed, the nine, grown jealous at the favors shown Peter and James and John, began to discuss secretly who should be first in the new Kingdom. Does it seem possible that still, their thoughts were bent upon an earthly, Jewish kingdom, with Jesus on David's throne?

Jesus was aware of the misplaced ambition but let it continue until they reached Capernaum. Here the occasion of the



Temple tax led Peter again to assume some apparent pre-eminence over the other disciples, and in their jealousy, it seems, one of them bluntly asked Jesus, Who was to be greatest in the new government.

But first this miracle of the Temple tax. Every Jew was required to pay this half a shekel redemption money, as a yearly tax for the Temple. Accordingly, as soon as Jesus reached Capernaum, the collector, in awe of Him, yet evidently attempting to humiliate Him (for it seems the Rabbis and prophets were exempted from this tax), asked Peter if His Master did not pay the tax. Yes, was the impetuous answer, but immediately, feeling the incongruity of the World's Redeemer, paying redemption money for His own soul, Peter hastened in shame and trouble to tell Jesus. But Jesus divined it all, and forestalled him, saying in a most friendly and intimate way: Simon do kings take tolls and taxes from their own sons or those not their children? There could be but one answer. "Then," added Jesus, "I, the Son of the King am free; but though I am not obliged to pay it, yet I will freely, lest I should put a stumbling block in their way. Go to the sea and open the mouth of the first fish you catch, and there you shall find the money. Pay it for Me."

Peter's implicit faith is beautiful; and here though Jesus pays a tribute not binding upon Him, He so pays it as to purchase a manifestation of His divine power! This miracle, though utterly unlike any trick of the mere miracle worker in its clear ethical teachings, is yet so unlike any other Jesus wrought, that, like Farrar, we believe it might have been done, yet certainly some "essential particular" has been "omitted or left unexplained."

Now comes the disciple with the selfish question, of who should be greatest, and Jesus' immortal sermon on true greatness. His text was a little child. Is there a sweeter, more charming picture, more simple and sublime picture in literature than this? And he called a little child unto Him; and when He had taken him in His arms, He said, "Except ye be converted, changed from your selfish, conscious ambition, and become like this little, trustful, simple, happy child, absolutely free from all self-seeking, ye can

not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. For he that is *least* among you, he shall be greatest."

As Jesus continued that matchless discourse with the child upon His knee, John's conscience began to trouble him; for back along the road he found a man casting out demons in Christ's name, and when he would not follow with the disciples John rebuked him. Did I rightly? he asked Jesus. "No," was the reply, "however mistaken the teaching, if one is acting in My Name, do not rebuke and offend him, for he that is not against us is for us."

And this gave the Master opportunity for His further, deeper teaching on offences; for His eternal principle of forgiveness. And Peter, who perhaps had been offended by the jealous disciples that very day, thinking he had measured the Master's meaning said, "Shall I forgive a brother seven times?" Rabbinism said forgive three times; if he did it seven times, would not that meet the Saviour's demands? Oh, Peter! does the Master count offences forgiven? Is the limit seven? "Nay," answers Jesus, "there is no limit; not seven, but seventy times seven."

#### COMMENCEMENT OF THE LAST JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.

The end of the summer had come; and the end of the Galilean ministry had come. All that mighty words and works could do for Galilee had been done. Jesus, as Messiah, had come so that all had seen and heard Him. His popularity with the lowly, as Prophet and miracle-worker, was far-reaching; but only a few obscure, unimportant publicans, fishermen and ignorant country folk, in varying degrees believed His divine claims; and scarcely twelve in all the world understood, even partially, the mystery of His Personality and mission. They but dimly saw His revelation of God and how He was saving them; they yet not more than half dreamed the spiritual character of His Kingdom, nor did they guess the import of the rising hostility and the dark, terrible teachings about the approaching death.

But association with Him, and His words had revealed to them His divinity. They believed and trusted Him as the

Christ of God. That consciousness, confession and faith, was foundation enough for salvation; even then, sufficient for Jesus to see that His life had not been in vain; that the world's redemption had begun.

Over against this belief and trust of the few was the virulent and aggressive hostility of the disappointed many, led directly by the hating Pharisees, and concentrating rapidly at Jerusalem, where it is soon to accomplish its work of death.

Such was the situation this November, A.D., 29. "Now the time was come that He should be received up and He steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem." To die? No. Up to this time Jesus had not openly declared Himself the Messiah to the Jewish world. His words and works had testified; John, too, had testified, but now the time has come when to the nation Jesus must testify to His Messiahship, that, if He is rejected, it be by the nation, not in ignorance but knowing from His own lips that they crucify the Christ, their Messiah. For this end He starts for Jerusalem, the nation's capital, though He knows that death awaits Him.

In its single aim and object, we must think of this journey as one and continuous, though Jesus was long upon the way

and taught in many places and healed many sick before His final entry into the Holy City.

#### THE SEVENTY SENT FORTH.

It was with a large company of friends and followers that Jesus started from Capernaum taking the most direct road which ran through Samaria. But reaching the Samaritan border, He was refused entrance into the border town, and, turning with His band toward the Jordan, He crossed and entered the province of Peræa. Here, that preparation might be made for His large following, and that all towns into which He might enter, should be made aware that the Messiah was approaching, Jesus selected seventy disciples from the band and sent them two by two, into all the cities proclaiming the coming of Jesus, their King.

Their mission was very like that of the Twelve, but now it was Jesus the Messiah Himself, coming, rather than His Kingdom at Hand; and the message was given to Jew and Gentile alike. As fast as those sent to the nearest towns returned with a welcome, Jesus would enter those towns teaching and healing. The Peræan ministry was begun, to continue as Jesus journeyed steadily onward His face set toward Jerusalem and death.

*To be Continued.*

## DECEMBER

A single blackbird on the birth tree near,  
Mid solitary fields, frost-torn and dead,  
Snow-laden heavens bending overhead,  
Utters anon his happy note of cheer,  
A *pax vobiscum* to the passing year.  
What matters it that Summer time be fled,  
And widowed Earth to crabbed Winter wed?  
God rules the world, and he has naught to fear.

Thanks for thy message, banisher of woe,  
Blithe on the bourne of Winter's bleak estate;  
Now, faithless soul, take grace from this to know,  
In every heart, however desolate,  
Some sweet hope dwells, though bitter tempests blow,  
And love sings on amid the sternest fate.  
*Robert Clarkson Tongue.*

## THE BEDEVILMENT OF JOHN DISCOMBE

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

I N the beginning it was little more than an occasional fit of abstraction, and Discombe would laugh when people told him he was growing absent-minded. None the less, when the fit was on him his artisan's cunning forsook him, and at night the problems in his mathematics played hide and seek with his most persevering efforts. Later, with the mental nyctalopy came vague urgings to violence prompting him to lash out in unreasoning fury at offending trifles; and this was curious since Discombe was strong enough in mind and body to be tolerant and peace-loving.

Being a man with a purpose, he had little time to waste upon purely speculative questions. Besides the daily labor for bread-winning, and the study necessary to keep him abreast of his class in college, there were the time-demands of a methodical courtship with Eleanor Kestrow, and leisure for introspective or other purposes was of the scantiest. Hence, when the affliction became insistent enough to demand a name, he christened it malaria and dosed himself with boneset tea and other homely remedies after the fact.

There is a finger-post in the *via dolorosa* of every sufferer marking the point at which the malady first thrust itself into the daily life as a grim fact no longer to be doubted or ignored. Discombe arrived at this milestone one morning when he awoke with the feeling that the work-a-day world of commonplace verities had vanished in the night, to be supplanted by another whereof the foundations were unstable and the atmosphere thick with uncertainties.

Crossing the railway yard on his way to his work, he got his warning for the day in an emphatic object lesson. On the siding nearest the shop the way freight stood in disconnected sections, and the yard engine rattled up to make the couplings as Discombe approached. He saw and heard, and yet walked deliberately

between two of the sections, squeezing through the narrow gap a scant fraction of a second before the jangling crash came.

A cold sweat broke out on him when he realized that death had bitten at him, and the shock stung for a moment like the cut of a many-thonged whip; yet its after effect was depressive rather than tonic, and the incident was the prelude to a day filled to overflowing with exasperating failures. Discombe was a skilful workman, but on that day his lightest touch was a blow and destruction followed after it in natural sequence. Even inanimate things lent themselves to the purposes of disorder. Scales read themselves backward; gauges lost their accuracy; iron bent and steel broke; whirling machinery snapped viciously at him, and the gearing of his lathe caught the sleeve of his jumper and tore it out at the shoulder. Garth, the foreman, came by as Discombe was picking the shredded sleeve out of the teeth of the gears.

"Having hard luck to-day, ain't you, John," he said in good-natured badinage; and Discombe, whose even temper was a proverb among the men, flew into a rage and eased the nausea of his soul in an outburst of bad language.

Garth went away shaking his head, and a little later crossed the shop to question William Proctor, with whom Discombe boarded.

"Noticed anything out of the way in John, lately?" he asked.

"No; why?"

"Hain't been having any trouble that you know of?"

"No, guess not."

"Never drinks anything, does he?"

Proctor folded his arms and squared himself against the bench to argue the case. "What in tunket be you drivin' at, Garth? You know John just as well as I do, and you know Mis' Proctor wouldn't have him in the house over night if she ever smelt rum on his breath! But then,

that's all foolishness; John's as stiddy as an old clock—too stiddy, I think. F'ive nights o' the week he sits up with his books, and I cal'late he puts in the other two up at Deacon Kestrow's."

"Don't suppose he's been quarrelling with Nell, do you?" suggested the foreman.

Proctor shook his head. "Young folks hain't none too much sense, as a rule," he admitted, "but John and Nell are a sort of a rule to the'r selves. They're 'nough too sensible to quarrel—both of 'em."

Garth stroked his beard and stood back to watch Discombe who was slamming the shipper of his lathe back and forth in an ecstasy of passionate fury.

"I don't know," he said, finally; "I s'pose it must be the books. He's studying too hard, or something. He's spoiled every blessed thing he's touched to-day; and he'll get wound up and killed before night, if he don't look out."

Discombe thought so himself, at times, but he held on with blind pertinacity and made shift to win through the day with unbroken bones. The devil of violence rend him sore and came out of him while the men were washing up after six o'clock at the long wooden sink in the basement, and it happened in this wise.

Discombe's curly shock of red hair was a standing gibe with his shopmates—a jest so old and worn that it had long since ceased to provoke a smile. Some one revived it now and then, and on this occasion it was Wash Turner, the shop dandy, who knew naught of ill-natured devils and their ways. The demoniac heard the jest; saw red sheet lightning flashing before his eyes; and felt a pounding as of a sledge hammer in his brain; when he came to himself he had Turner in the sink and was trying to strangle him with the contents of the soap and sand boxes. It passed for a bit of over-rough horse-play with the men; but Discombe was troubled about it afterwards, wondering wherein he had differed from a murderer during that seething minute of irresponsible fury.

When he left the shop, Garth walked across the tracks and up the street with him; but the foreman was wise enough to hold his peace until Discombe laid his hand on Proctor's gate. Then he said: "I don't believe you're very well, John;

I think I'd take a pill and a sweat if I were you. You do it, and lay off to-morrow if you feel like it."

Discombe did better. After supper he went to see the old physician who had known him all his life and stated his case as best he could, having no symptoms to describe. Doctor Bradley had his answer ready before Discombe was half through the story of the day's miseries.

"Too much study, my boy. You're crowding the mourners and they won't stand it. Take my advice and lock your books up, even if you have to miss a year. What's a year to you, anyway? you're only twenty-four."

"Twenty-five," corrected Discombe.

"Well, twenty-five, then; what of that? Many a man has taken his degree later in life than you will—men who didn't have to earn a living in the mean time, either."

"Yes, doctor, I know that; but there are reasons, good reasons why—"

"Oh, I suppose so; youth always has a pocketful of them. In your case it's Nellie Kestrow, principally, isn't it?"

"Not altogether, though I certainly owe it to her not to make her wait indefinitely."

"Nonsense! at your age a year oughtn't to tip a pennyweight in the scale against health! Go to Nellie like a man and tell her all about it; she's sensible, and she'll wait one year or five, if you want her to."

Discombe took his hat and got as far as the door. "That's your opinion of the physical side of the case, doctor," he stopped to say, "but I'm not so sure that my trouble is entirely physical. I feel quite well; my appetite is good; I sleep like a healthy child—"

Doctor Bradley interrupted him with a laugh. "If there's nothing the matter with your body or your brain, why did you come to me?" he asked. "If you think it's your soul that needs physicking you'd better go to Doctor Bellamore or Father Brady; I can't cast out devils."

Discombe went to neither, nor was he yet ready to lay bare his trouble to Eleanor. Telling her would be making a confession of weakness; and his hobby was strength—of body and of mind, of character and of purpose. Moreover, he foresaw difficulties in trying to make any one understand the subtleties of this thing which had overtaken him. Setting ill-

health aside in the solution, it became a mystery; and who could tread the mazes of the metaphysical labyrinth with him?

Not Eleanor, certainly, he thought. She was so self-contained and practical; so intolerant of mysteries, and so quick to analyze human moods and tenses as she would demonstrate a problem to her class in algebra. No; when he would tell her he must at least be able to state his puzzle in reducible terms—and then the necessity would have eaten itself. So he argued and so it seemed to him, wherein he fell into the pit of error which oversensitive persons, bedeviled or otherwise, dig for themselves. And the fact was this: Eleanor would have heard and understood; and her help would have been none the less timely and efficient because she happened to be able to look out upon the world of hazard through cool grey eyes that were the windows of a soul steeped in serenity.

An opportunity for free speech came on the Sunday following Discombe's visit to the doctor. The Kestrows lived well back toward the granite ledge out of which Ridgeboro dug the major portion of its havings; and Discombe and Eleanor took their moderate Sunday pleasure in afternoon rambles among the quarries. One of the latter, a worked-out vein where the stone had become seamy and iron-smitten, was a favorite haunt with them. It was a deep gash in the hillside, with terraced slopes of weather-blackened stone, grim and forbidding, as an abandoned granite quarry is wont to be. At the bottom was a brown pool, unrippled and glassy, the metallic lustre of its surface reproducing the over-hanging foliage of the ledge in sharply-etched patches of inky shadow.

The place was weird and uncanny, even in daytime; and it was trying ground for none but the unsuperstitious. Half way up the side nearest the road a broad shelf overlooked the pool; and on this Discombe had built a rude throne out of the fragments of broken stone. Eleanor occupied the throne on the afternoon in question, while the young man was flat on his back on the sun-warmed granite, with his clasped hands for a pillow and his hat tilted to shut out the eye-plerding blue of the sky.

They had been talking of Eleanor's

brother; a youth in whom had appeared, by a sudden turn of the atavistic wheel, the rollicking, bibulous, devil-may-care spirit of some long-forgotten, and most certainly ante-Puritan, ancestor. While he remained at home, Henry Kestrow was a sore trial to steady-going Ridgeboro; but when the news came from a remote western mining camp that he had given his life in a quarrel not of his own seeking, Ridgeboro forgave him, and the Kestrows mourned not as those to whom sympathy is denied. Discombe had known the lad from childhood and had loved him as a brother. Wherefore his speech breathed charity.

"I think I am coming to understand Henry's difficulties better than I used to," he said, after a break in the conversation. "Evil is a many-sided affair; and it's not always to be accounted for by the rule of three."

Eleanor looked up quickly. "I'm glad you believe that; we must believe it unless we are prepared to discredit Christianity."

"As how?" queried Discombe.

"I don't know that I can put it in words, but I'll try. We know that sin is the child of the will; but evil may be from within or from without, and it may be too strong for us in either case."

"But isn't the sin the same in any event?"

Eleanor clasped her hands over the crook of her parasol and the cool grey eyes sought infinity in the depths of the pool for a moment before she replied.

"I think there is a distinction. If a man were to take a wild beast home with him, knowing its strength and fierceness, he would be responsible for all the dreadful things that would happen. If, living in a jungle where wild beasts were the rule, he left his door open at night, he would still be to blame, though certainly not in the same degree."

Discombe sat up and tossed a pebble into the pool. "Now that I've broken its looking-glass, let's see if the oracle can say any more wise things," he said. "Your illustration stops miles this side of the end."

"I know it," she replied; "it's a circle, and neither you nor I can square it, but I'll carry it out to another decimal place if you like. Let us suppose that the man



shuts his door and fastens it, and that the wild beast comes and breaks it down. The resulting evil may be just the same, but the man's responsibility is lessened by just so much as he resisted."

Discombe thought about it for a moment and then said: "That discredits Christianity."

"Why?"

"Because Christianity claims to furnish a lock for the door that can't be tampered with unless there's treason in the garrison. And the lock or bolt or bar, or whatever you may call it, is always available and is to be had for the asking."

"Ah, yes; but we don't always ask—that's the pity of it. It's for those who use bolts and bars of their own contriving that the oracle speaks."

"Yes, but to be respected, oracles ought to be original."

"I know it," she assented meekly; "I read it in a book, but that doesn't matter—it's all true."

"It's a ready-made plaster, that's what it is," said Discombe cynically. "See if you can put it on the weak spot in human nature."

Eleanor had a sudden inspiration. "I will," she said quickly. "A book that we both believe tells of a class of persons called demoniacs. I can't say in what degree these poor possessed ones were responsible in the beginning, but I do know that the words of exorcism were always spoken to the demon and not to the man." There was a thrill of passionate tenderness in her voice and Discombe knew she was thinking of Henry.

"That was eighteen hundred years ago," he said reflectively; "do you think there is still now and then one who is truly possessed of a devil?"

The sun had gone behind the ridge and the dank breath of the twilight was slowly filling the quarry pit. She rose and began to button her jacket. "Why not?" she asked. "As far as we know, human nature and demon nature are unchanged. Let's go home, John; it's getting damp down here."

She was standing behind him and he turned while she was still struggling with the top button. "Let me," he said; and she lifted her chin that he might see. Their eyes met for an instant, and yield-

ing to a sudden impulse Discombe betrayed himself.

"I think I have a devil, Nellie," he said quietly.

"Why, John—you? As if any one would believe that!"

"It's true," he insisted; "I know because I've had experience—that's the only way we know anything."

They climbed together from the shelf, and when they had left the shadows of the quarry behind, she said: "Tell me about it."

"I can't explain it; I only know that I am possessed, just like the people who used to put in their time cursing and raving in the graveyards around Jerusalem. There's this difference, though: my devil isn't permanent yet—he comes once in a while, when he can get a day off."

Eleanor did not push him into details because she saw that he had spoken impulsively. She was troubled, but, unlike Garth and the doctor, she had no difficulty in making a distinction between mania and malaria. When her lover said good-night at her father's gate, she went back to the dropped subject in a word of encouragement.

"Fight it from above, John," she said; "and—and come to me, if you will let me help."

Discombe had peace for a fortnight after this. Then a small accident brought the visitation again with the suddenness of an electric shock. He was working under a locomotive boiler, drilling out scale-eaten stay-bolts with a ratchet-drill blocked above his head. After a time the blocking worked loose and a small avalanche of odds and ends fell upon his head. He held his breath and grappled fiercely for a moment with a frantic demon of violence. Then he went mad with blind rage, and a little later found that he had been making an unseemly exhibition of himself by scattering his tools and material to the four corners of the shop. Garth saw the outburst and was quite willing to let him go when he asked leave.

"You don't begin to be well, John," he said kindly. "You'd ought to do something for yourself."

Discombe went out, and skirting the town, wandered aimlessly over the hills until evening. Twilight found him look-

ing down at the black pool in the abandoned quarry, and he sat down on a stone and held his aching head in his hands. The struggle with the malignant spirit of ferocity had narrowed itself down to a bare conflict for self-control. Under the sore pressure of the evil hour, he felt that the ability to be once more master of himself would be purchased cheaply at any price. The thought had scarcely taken shape before it struck him that it was an offer to compromise with the devil, and he rejected it with a quiver of horror. It came back again and again, and finally refused to be driven away by any argument he could bring to oppose it. He did what he could, fought bravely until there was no more resistance in him, hesitated, wavered, burst into a fit of blasphemy that made the grim quarry pitting with unhallowed echoes—and gave up the struggle.

In an instant the fury left him and a curious calm took its place. He rose and found his weariness gone; he plunged recklessly down the hillside, and found his steps so guided that it seemed impossible to trip or stumble. Passing the Kestrow house he met Eleanor coming from the library with a book. He stopped and spoke to her, and became suddenly possessed of a most miraculous gift of double intelligence. One side of his brain seemed to be occupied with the affairs of the moment, prompting his speech and enabling him to personate himself in the dialogue; while the other half was busy with a frightful discovery made by the help of the street lamp opposite. It was this: Eleanor's face, which had always stood to him as a type of chaste and intellectual beauty, was nothing more than a transparent mask for the soul of a Jezebel. The cool grey eyes became unfathomable wells of evil; the smiling lips were cruel and sensual; the curved nostril and rounded cheek and throat suggested nothing less hateful than the hideous grace of a serpent.

"Yes," he was saying, "I think it will be a good day to-morrow; I should enjoy going picnicking with the children myself. Can't you take me along as skipper? I could put in the day sailing the big schooner for the benefit of the small people," and coterminous with the amiable speech was the thought that it would be

well to strangle this false Eleanor just where she stood, leaning against the fence. He could see the exact point where his thumb and fingers would meet in the soft flesh, and there was a vivid and pleasing picture of the lithe form bent back across the sharp points of the fence pickets in the death agony. It was only a thought, a suggestion, and yet when he had left her and gone on his way to Proctor's, there was a lingering regret as if he had wantonly thrown away an opportunity.

That night he attacked his books with the feeling that he could finish the work of the entire term without stopping. Problems solved themselves at a glance; abstruse formulas were as clearly obvious as the simplest equation; before midnight he had discarded such trivial helps as the tables of logarithms, and was covering every scrap of paper he could find with diagrams and multi-figured calculations. When the blank paper gave out, he tore the fly-leaves from his books; and just beyond this point the mental mechanism slipped a cog. The idea fastened itself upon him that little Myra Proctor had been mutilating his books, and the speculative half of his brain began to suggest that she ought to be punished. He knew where she slept, in a crib at the end of the hall; she was but a baby, to be sure, but she would be a woman some day—a woman like Eleanor, perhaps. Undeniably it was his duty to save her from such a fate, and presently he would see what was to be done about it.

Thereupon the details began to arrange themselves, projecting their outlines like those of a superimposed photograph upon the interminable rows and columns of figures. He would take the coverlet from his own bed and go quietly, kicking off his slippers and keeping in the middle of the passage where the floor-beams were. For a time he pushed the intention aside, not reluctantly, but because it interfered with his figuring; but when it became so urgent as to overtop the mathematical frenzy, he got up to put it into effect. It would take but a few minutes, and then he could come back and go on with his work in peace.

He stripped the coverlet from his bed, folded it into a thick pad, and stepping out of his slippers, crept cautiously into

the hall. The door creaked behind him as he closed it to shut out the glare from his study-lamp, and he waited to see if the noise had disturbed any one. Everything was quiet, and he began to make his way noiselessly toward the bedroom at the end of the hall.

On the threshold he paused and stared into the room until his eyes became accustomed to the dim light. She was there, lying in her crib with her face turned toward the window. So much Discombe saw; but when he took a step toward her a thick darkness that could be felt filled the room with such bewildering suddenness that he lost the sense of direction and turned to go back for his lamp. Half way to his own door the inky blackness seemed to get into his brain; the coverlet slipped from his grasp and tripped him, and he fell and forgot in the same instant.

It was three hours later when he began to remember again, and when he opened, his eyes Proctor was standing over him.

"What in time be you doin' out here, John? Why, gosh-all-Friday! I don't believe you've been in bed all night! You'll kill yourself, first you know, sittin' up over them books till you go crazy, and then coming out here t' sleep on the floor with nothin' but a counterpane under you."

Discombe sat up, rubbed his eyes and tried to remember how it was that he came to be asleep on the hall floor at three o'clock in the morning, and Proctor rattled on.

"Caller come just now and routed me out; says two freights 've gone together down at Morton's Ferry, and Garth wants all hands to go on the wreck-train. S'pose you'll feel able to go?"

"Why—yes," assented Discombe, wondering vaguely why Proctor should doubt it. "I'll get into my old clothes and be ready as soon as you are."

He was as good as his word, and when they reached the shop the wrecking-train was ready to pull out. It was an hour's run to Morton's Ferry, and the men soon stretched themselves on the floor of the tool car or sank into uncomfortable corners to add somewhat to the broken rest of the night. Discombe was not sleepy, and Garth came and sat beside him on a coiled hawser.

"Feeling any better this morning, John?" he asked.

Discombe hesitated. He was still trying to determine why any one should question him as if he had been ill. "I haven't been sick," he said finally.

Garth shook his head. "You wa'n't a thousand miles from it yesterday. What did you do after you left the shop?"

Here was the thread Discombe had been blindly seeking. "What time was it when I went out?" he asked.

"About half past two."

"I went back on the ledge," he began; then, after another pause, "Garth, I can't remember. I recollect standing on the edge of the old Gwynn quarry just before dark; and after that it seems as if I went to sleep and had a lot of bad dreams. I must have found my way home all right, though, because I was there when the caller came around."

"Yes, Proctor told me—asleep on the floor with your clothes on," said Garth. "'T won't do, John; you'll never live to get your college papers if you don't put the brake on. You oughtn't to be here, now; and if you want to go back on number six when she transfers at the break, I'll let you off."

"I don't want to be let off. I never felt better in my life, and I'm not going to miss a chance to get in double time on a wreck when it's thrown at me."

The wreck was a bad one. The cars of the two heavy freights were piled in confusion across the tracks, and it was late in the afternoon of the second day before the weary wrecking-crew coupled the long string of "cripples" for the run to Ridgeboro.

Discombe felt well enough while the work lasted; but on the homeward journey, while he sat in the tool-car listening to the clanking of the wheels on the rails, his brain went into halves again without warning. He knew what was coming and fought for his sanity as the unshriven fight for breath wherewith to confess. In the midst of it Eleanor's promise to help came to him, and thereafter he strove only to gain time.

No one of the group of workmen guessed his trouble, not even Garth, who had propped himself on a pile of blocking with a chain-fall for a pillow. Discombe made Garth's face his mental barometer.

What time the face was that of the good-natured foreman himself, Discombe knew that he had the upper hand of the demon; but when Garth's eyes began to glow and the smile on his broad face changed slowly to a demoniac grin, Discombe set his teeth hard and drove his finger-nails into his palms until the pain steadied him again.

When the train reached Ridgeboro he was holding to the realities by the single thread of Eleanor's promise. He felt that he might yet overcome the persistent devil of madness if he could get speech with her, and to save time he jumped from the car as it passed the crossing nearest to Proctor's and ran to his room. Stopping only long enough to change his clothes and to dip his head in a basin of cold water, he hurried down stairs to let himself out before Proctor should reach the house.

It was six o'clock and the streets were full of pedestrians; to Discombe the face of each was a hideous mask leering at him as he passed. More than once he had to shut his eyes and grope his way around little groups of monsters too terrible to look upon. When he reached the quiet street wherein the Kestrows dwelt he was gasping for breath, but he pushed on until he stood before the gate; one other minute and the single-handed struggle would be over.

There was healing in the thought and his sight cleared as he felt for the gate-latch. While he was lifting it he heard a door slam, and looking up the hedge-bordered walk, he saw Eleanor coming toward him, her arm linked in that of a stranger—a man with flaming eyes and the face of an ape. Discombe left the gate fastened and crouched on the side-walk to glare at the approaching figures. The devil was right then, after all; and this was the woman upon whose love and loyalty he had staked his reason.

He was hidden behind a great elm when they came out and turned in the direction of the quarries, but he doubled around the square and appeared before them suddenly. Eleanor started back with a cry of surprise.

"Why, John! how you startled me! I didn't know you had come back. Is Henry so changed that you don't know him?"

Henry, indeed! was she then so besotted as to think that he would accept a miracle rather than doubt her? Let her wait but a little and he would show her. In the mean time he found himself greeting the ape-faced man pleasantly; and even Eleanor, with love-sharpened vision, saw nothing amiss in him.

"Supper wasn't quite ready," she explained, "and we were going to walk over to the old quarry. We'll go back, though, if you like; you must be very tired."

"Oh, no; I'm not tired—let's go on, by all means," urged Discombe. "Henry can tell me his story as we go."

They fell into line with the ape-faced one in the middle, and Discombe listened, smiling under his mustache at what was to come. It was a marvellous tale. He of the ape-face, personating Henry Kestrow, had been shot in the *melée* whereof tidings had reached Ridgeboro, and, though given up for dead, had recovered. Then a syndicate of western capitalists, owning a railway in South America, had sent the dead-alive to Brazil. There he had prospered until now he was the resident manager for the company. That was all save that he was an enthusiast on southward migration; and he had come prepared to carry Discombe and Eleanor back to Brazil with him if dazzling inducements might move them. The narration carried them to the rim of the old quarry, and they stood together looking down at the reflection of the copper-colored sunset clouds in the pool.

"Do you remember this place?" asked Discombe, thinking to confuse the hideous impostor.

"I should say I did. Who'd ever think that we had learned to swim in such a grim old hole! It's enough to give one the shivers to remember it. And there's the shelf where you and Nellie used to sit and fish for horn-pouts. Let's climb down to it."

They did, and Discombe's fingers worked convulsively when he saw how willingly Eleanor suffered herself to be helped by the loathsome stranger. When they stood upon the shelf he laid his hand caressingly on the ape-man's arm.

"You've filled out a good deal since you went to—to, where was it?—oh, yes, to Brazil. The Henry Kestrow I knew was slim and not very strong. I could take

him in my arms, so, and wring the soul out of him."

"I don't doubt it—here, hold up—man alive! you'll break my ribs!" They were writhing and twisting together over the small platform and Henry caught a glimpse of Discombe's face. "Give us room, Nellie—he's gone mad!" he gasped, and then the two men went down with Discombe underneath. They were perilously near the edge of the shelf, and Henry tried to drag the maniac back out of danger. Discombe cunningly feigned submission until Kestrow's hold was loosened; then he grappled him afresh and drew him by inches to the edge of the rock.

Eleanor saw what he was trying to do and ran to help her brother; but before she could reach them the two men went whirling over the brink to plunge together into the black pool. They were at the surface again before she could cry out; Henry swimming and supporting Discombe. There was a shallow place at one side of the pool, and when Henry felt the rock under his feet he called to Eleanor.

"Go and get help, Nellie; we're all right now, but I can't get him out alone. He struck his head on the rock as we fell, and I don't know how badly he's hurt."

At ten o'clock that night, Doctor Bradley, coming from Discombe's bedside, said much the same thing to Eleanor's father. "The cut in his head may not amount to much," the doctor added, "but he's been over-crowding himself lately, and I'm afraid he's in for a siege of brain fever. If you don't want to have him

here in the house, you'd better move him to-night."

Eleanor came in in time to hear the concluding sentence, and good Deacon Kestrow read his reply aloud as it was written in his daughter's face.

"We'll take care of him, here, doctor; he doesn't lack much o' being one of the family, anyway."

The good steamer Villamontado, outward bound on her voyage to Brazil, was well on her way to the tropics. On her passenger list were the names of the Senhor Kestrow, and the Senhor and Senhora Discombe; and in fair weather the two last named spent their days on deck, sitting quietly under the after awning in deference to the slowly returning strength of the convalescent. One evening, after they had watched the sun plunge into the western ocean, Discombe was moved to speak of the day of his visitation.

"Tell me honestly, Eleanor," he said, "didn't people warn you that you were taking chances in marrying a madman?"

"Yes, a few did," she admitted, reluctantly.

"And you told them that brain fever didn't necessarily mean insanity, I suppose. That was right, because it was your affair and mine, and none of theirs. But, Eleanor, it wasn't altogether brain fever; I shall always believe that what appeared to be the cause was in reality the effect."

"You mean that there was something else behind the overwork and the sickness?"





## STARTING "THE BURNTWOOD BREEZE"

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH

### CHAPTER III.

THE first glint of the sun, only half way above the far-off horizon, was on the window pane when Harry awoke the next morning. His first thought was to wonder where Chet was. He soon had evidence enough on that point, however, in a miscellaneous assortment of wet and muddy garments scattered about the floor and on various chairs. "Fifteen pounds of mud on five pounds of clothes," exclaimed Harry. Then he looked for Chet and found him sound asleep in his bed in the other corner of the room. Harry looked at him and then remarked: "Two pounds of mud on ten pounds of head;" but he thought it would be cruel to disturb the muddy journalist whatever his own anxiety to learn the outcome of the night's adventures; so he dressed and went down stairs, resolved to see for himself. The rain had stopped but it was cold.

Standing close by the stove trying to dry himself was the unfortunate Beech City man, the picture of woe.

"Hello," said Harry; "you seem to be back."

The man looked up, then moved a little closer to the stove, too disgusted to speak.

"If that mud bakes on you you'll have

to get somebody to crack you like a nut," went on Harry cheerfully.

"I'd like to crack that there pardner o' your'n," exclaimed the man.

"Why, what's he been doing?"

"Doing? Been bringing two tons of lead and iron five miles through fourteen feet of mud."

"Did he get it here?" asked Harry, anxiously.

"Yes, he got it here. Go out and look at the mud on the mules' ears if you don't think he got it here."

Between the pleasure of knowing of Chet's success and the idea of the muddy ears of the mules proving anything, Harry broke into a laugh.

"Oh, laugh, if you want to," exclaimed the man. "You was tucked in your bed."

"Tell me how he did it?" said Harry in a soothing tone.

"Well, it was this way: We rode along for

about two mlie, with the rain coming down like the day Noah went into the ark; we come to a house and stopped and your pardner sung out, 'Hello!' and a man sticks his head out and says, 'What your helloing about?' and your pardner says: 'Is this here Mr. — Mr. —' I forget his name—but the feller says, 'You bet it is;' then your pardner says, 'Do you mind fetching out your mules and helping us



"Standing close by the stove trying to dry himself was the unfortunate Beech City man, the picture of woe."

up with a load of stuff for the paper?" and the man says he wouldn't mind, and pretty soon he brung out a couple o' mules each as big as a meeting-house, and we all rid away and me mad enough to eat my hat. 'We can't do it,' says I to the man. 'We'll give her a try,' says the man to me; 'there's a gang of railroad graders over here with two hundred mules, and the foreman is a friend of mine, and if we can't do it we'll hitch 'em all on.' Then we comes to the wagon and hooks on the four mules, and this here man hoots at 'em, and your pardner lifts on the wheel, and up she comes and off we go, with the rain a-pouring, and the wind a-roaring, and the lightning blazing like a house afire, and the thunder going ker-bang, and the mud just a-boiling; and me with my hat lost so I couldn't eat it if I wanted to. Nine times we stuck, and nine times we pulled out. We got here just as it was beginning to get light, and we unloads, and that blame' fool of a man gets on his near mule to go back and says he to that lunatic of a pardner o' yours, says he, 'Good-morning!' and your pardner says back, says he, 'Good-morning, Mr. So-and-so; this here rain will help the punkin crop;' and that's all, and when I get caught again in such a scrape then I'll be hanged if I don't eat my hat, and my boots, and a wagon tire."

"Guess the man's name was Perkins, wasn't it?" laughed Harry.

"That's it, Perkins. I hope he got stuck ter feet deep going home."

Harry left the unhappy Beech City man and hurried over to the office. Everything was in the greatest confusion, and soaked with water and plastered with mud. He built a fire in the stove and went resolutely at the task of lessening the disorder. He was glad to find that nothing seemed to be missing or broken, nor did it appear that the water had done much permanent damage to things. He wiped off the job press, and got part of the cases on the stands; and soon the place began to wear quite the appearance of a printing office, though it must be confessed of a printing office that had slept out all night in the rain. When he went to breakfast he found Chet down stairs and in fairly presentable condition.

"You can't tell me anything about it,"

said Harry. "The man has given me a full and authentic history of it all."

Chet laughed. "I'd like his full and authentic opinion of me," he said.

"I've got it. He says you're a lunatic and Perkins a fool."

"He may be right," answered Chet. "But—we got the stuff here."

After a hurried breakfast they both went to work at straightening up the office further. They had been at it but a few minutes when the door opened and a man rather below the medium size, thin and with his hair streaked with grey, who wore a coat held together by a bit of string instead of a button, came in and glided straight to the stove.

"Boo-o-o!" said the man; "it's a cold morning."

"Well, it's wet, anyhow, and cold for this time of year," answered Chet.

"Boo-o-o!" returned the man; "it's cold for any time of year. This would be a cold morning in January. Boo-o-o!" and he hugged the stove.

"Were you out in the rain?" asked Chet.

"Do I look as if I slept in a powder-mill last night?" demanded the visitor. "Boo-o-o!"

"Well, no; you don't," admitted Chet.

"If I do it is an optical illusion. *I was* out in the rain, and *I am* wet, and it is a cold morning. Boo-o-o!"

"May I ask your business?" ventured Chet.

"Typographical tourist," answered the man.

Chet looked at him. "Tramp printer," whispered Harry.

"Oh," said Chet.

"Peripatetic exponent of the art preservative of all arts." Then turning to Harry he added: "Will you lend a fellow-craftsman the sum of fifteen cents?"

"Certainly," answered Harry, and the man took the money and went out.

In two or three minutes he came back and stood just inside the door surveying the office.

"Boo-o-o!" said Chet, after a moment.

"Weather's moderating," returned the man promptly. "Think we're going to have a thaw. What's the prospect for my filling a case for my breakfast?"

"Hadn't you better get your breakfast first?" asked Harry.

"That plan would have its advantages. Where shall I go?"

"Across to the Poinsett House. Tell the landlord I sent you."

In fifteen minutes the man was back in the office and had his coat off.

"Our cases are all full," said Harry. "They came that way. But here's some copy for you," and he handed out part of Chet's glowing account of the city of Burntwood. "Set it in that bourgeois over there."

The man put on a pair of crooked spectacles and went to work with a good deal of alacrity, scarcely pausing till noon, when, simply remarking that it was a warm day, that his name was Mark Troxell and borrowing another fifteen cents, he put on his coat and went out.

"He seems to have come to stay," said Chet.

"Well, we needed him," replied Harry. "I don't believe we could get out on time without some help. He's a good compositor, and though he evidently has the failing of all travellers of his kind he won't have any money till the end of the week and consequently will have to keep sober. Now if the press will only come!"

"Oh, it's got to come," answered the sanguine Chester. "If it isn't here by day after to-morrow I'll telegraph about it. We'll beat *The Banner* yet."

But nothing was heard from the press by the time Chet had mentioned, and his telegram brought only a reply from the type-founders that it had been shipped as agreed and must be on the road somewhere. The prospect for getting the paper out on time again began to look gloomy enough. The boys were working night and day, and Troxell was doing almost as well, but, as Harry had predicted, a thousand things went wrong. The type was found to be badly mixed in some of the cases, and many little things were missing after all. The office was small and crowded and people were constantly coming in and going out; and finally one lounge, after explaining quite eloquently how a local paper ought to be conducted to make it successful, pied a galley of type, saying when he saw what he had done: "Reckon you young fellers ought'o use better gloo for sticking this here stuff together," and then went out calmly whistling.

Many other callers were more welcome. Mr. Dean looked in occasionally, but usually only long enough to whisper, "stick!" Once or twice Perkins called and made a few general remarks on pumpkins and printing, and asked after the Beech City man, whose rage at the night's work he considered a great joke. A number of others spoke encouraging words, either in the office or to Chet as he went about town looking for news items or making arrangements for advertisements. But he found some who refused to either advertise or subscribe on the ground that they had given their support to *The Banner* and could not afford anything further. Still nothing was heard from the press. The situation in regard to it was becoming desperate.

Thursday night Chet came into the office, after Troxell had gone, quite tired out and discouraged.

"We're never going to be able to do it, Harry, after all our work," he said. "This is the last chance for that press to come, as you say it will take half a day or more to set it up. And I doubt if we'll have other things ready, press or no press."

"Yes, we shall," answered Harry. "The forms will be made up by to-morrow noon, if we don't have too much bad luck."

"That's it, bad luck's the only certain thing. That man who pied the type is due again about to-morrow."

"Well, we'll glue everything fast if we see him coming," answered Harry, laughingly. "By the way, isn't it time for the train?"

"It's three hours late," replied Chet. "Saw Evans up the street this afternoon about advertising. He's another one that says he's given Dolph an ad. and can't afford any more. Wouldn't even subscribe," went on Chet, as gloomy as ever.

"Well, no matter," replied Harry, cheerily, "we can get along without him and all the rest of Sackett's friends. We're going to make a success of this thing if we have a little time."

"Perhaps. Here comes our esteemed contemporary now," and the next moment Dolph walked in, smoking as usual, and with even a fuller crimson on his nose.

"Ah, good-evening, gentlemen," said the visitor. "Manipulating the lever that moves the world, eh? I hear that you, too,

are having bad luck in receiving your things."

"We've got about everything except the hand-press," replied Chet.

"Just so. I am worse off than that. But I had a telegram to-day saying that everything would certainly be here tomorrow. I shall be a little late with *The Banner* this week, but such are the fortunes of life in the far west! Pardon a fellow-worker's curiosity, but the greater part of your material has helped in the spread of civilization before, eh?"

"Most of it is second-hand," said Chet, just a little stiffly.

"Yes? It comes cheaper at first, that's certain. But I selected an entirely new outfit, you know. My experience has been that it is more economical in the long run. You gather that I hope to wave *The Banner* in this town for many years yet to come."

"I hope you may," said Chet, with rather bad grace.

"*The Banner* will flutter in *The Breeze*, or something like that, eh? Ha, ha! that isn't bad, is it?"

Now, another point I was going to speak of," and he dropped his voice to a confidential tone and leaned on the end of the imposing-stone. "The fact is, you know, it is going to be hard work for two papers to find support in this town. Perhaps I'd better say that two papers can't find support here."

"You are undoubtedly right," said Chet.

"Now what would be your reply," continued the man, "to a proposition to buy or sell—say to buy?"

Chet gave a quick glance at Harry but saw no sign of approval in his face. "Without stopping to think about it much I should say we shouldn't care to enter-

tain such a proposition," answered Chet.

"Here's a square offer for you: Give me two hundred dollars and I'll go away tomorrow and leave you a clear field."

"We couldn't do it," was Chet's answer.

"I won't stand out about the amount; make it one hundred," went on Dolph.

"No."

"Give me—"

"Nothing! Not a cent!"

"Oh, all right then, gentlemen. Plain business proposition, that's all. I'm getting plenty of ads. and subscriptions and what I offer to you is worth more than

I ask; but if you don't want it that settles it. I'll go on with *The Banner*. Got four land notices, gentlemen. Register of the land office is an old school-mate of mine. Hope you will get your share of the notices. Au revoir!" and he went out.

The boys looked at each other for a moment, then Chet said:—

"I wonder if we did a wise thing?"

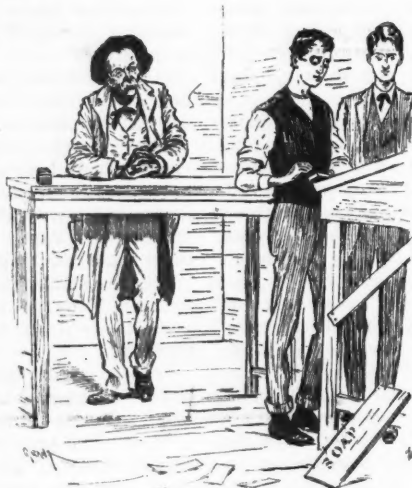
"Yes," answered Harry, decisively, "we did. We don't want to have anything to

do with the man. I believe he is an unprincipled scoundrel."

"That may be, still I don't know but his proposition was legitimate. He has something to sell."

"He hasn't anything to sell that he came honestly by. Besides, we haven't any money."

"No, that's so. We're down to \$20, and the freight on the press, if it ever comes, will be at least as much as that. But what Dolph said about land notices is the most discouraging. You know they pay \$5 apiece, and Hollister says there ought to be between one and two hundred of them published for this neighborhood



"Now, what would be your reply," continued Dolph, "to a proposition to buy or sell—say to buy?"

between now and January 1st. If Dolph is going to get them all we may as well give up. It will be hard enough if we have to divide."

"You talk with Hollister about what Dolph says," returned Harry. "He knows the register of the land office. Dolph may have lied about being an old friend of his."

"We've got to do something," said Chet, nervously. Just then Mr. Dean put his head in the door and said:—

"Sticking, boys?"

"Sticking like a burr!" answered Chet, with a smile; and Mr. Dean disappeared as suddenly as he had come. But the one word brightened the prospect to Chet. "He's a trump," he exclaimed; "and so's Perkins, with his pet pumpkins. And Hollister is a good fellow, and a lot of others. We'll pull through yet," and he began to whistle as he turned to his desk. "I must record the events of the day," he went on, as he consulted his note book. "Let's see: Alve Doty chopped off the end of his finger—by mistake, of course; and Ole Tolofson's

brother has arrived from Norway; and A. H. Freeman has begun work on his new store building; and George Humphrey shot a jack-rabbit that weighed a hundred and eighty pounds—no, eighteen pounds; and a band of twenty Sioux Indians went through town; and Mr. Fancett, of Sunken Lake, says he never saw the crops look so well as they do this season. Not bad for one day, is it?"

"Very good. You're a regular sleuth-hound on news."

"Thank you. And there's Archer &

Peabody's ad.—six inches, double column, and display 'below cost' as much as possible. And here's a reading notice for Jacobs. Let me see—"Terrific slaughter—



"One glance showed Chet that his compositor, Troxell, was hopelessly intoxicated."

war to the knife and the knife to the hilt—prices cut in two on dried prunes—yes, that's the way he wants it. Give it a good position and run it t.f. And here's an estray notice—'came to my place, one red calf, piece of half-inch rope around neck,' and so forth. By the way, what's the style of the office on 'traveller'—one l or two?"

"Two," answered Harry. "And 'centre,' 're.'"

"Is it? Well, I notice the territorial papers all abuse the government pretty freely—I suppose we ought to find fault



about something, too. The poor old government has got to carry itself pretty straight now if it doesn't want *The Breeze* to come down upon it like a thousand of brick." Chet wrote a moment, then leaned back and said: "In the mean time how's this for a local: 'Mr. Jefferson Perkins reports that he has had to put all his pumpkins on wheels. The vines are growing so fast that they were wearing the pumpkins out dragging them over the ground?'"

"That'll do—if your conscience can stand it," replied Harry.

For an hour more Chet worked at his desk. Then he looked up suddenly and said:—

"Wasn't Troxell coming back this evening?"

"Yes, he said he was," answered Harry, a little uneasily. "But he looked tired and I presume he's gone to bed."

Chet thought a moment and then said: "I don't know about that. I think I'll go and see."

He started for the hotel. Just as he passed a liquor saloon the door opened and the proprietor pushed Troxell out. One glance showed Chet that he was hopelessly intoxicated.

"How did he get the liquor?" demanded Chet of the proprietor, a sort of a square-cornered man to whom nature had forgotten to give a forehead but had made up for her mistake in chin and cheek bones.

"Asked for it," answered the man.

"But he had no money," insisted Chet.

"Reliable man said he'd pay for all the old tramp 'ud drink. Reckon he didn't know his capacity," and the man laughed.

"Who was the man?" asked Chet, in a rage.

"Reckon he was as much of a man as you are—or a little more so," answered the man with a grin, as he shut the door.

Troxell was leaning against the building unable to stand alone. He tried to make some maudlin explanation, and seemed to realize the situation which he was in. Chet took him by the arm and started for the hotel. He fought against going, but Chet forced him along, and finally got him to bed, and the landlord promised to see that he stayed. Then Chet went back to the office and reported to Harry.

"And if I can't tell the name of the man

who said he would pay for it," he added, "then I can't tell anything. I'll find out to-morrow beyond any question."

"We've got to get Troxell so he can work to-morrow or we'll never have the paper out Saturday morning even if the press does come," said Harry, walking up and down the room, almost as excited as Chet. "There's the whistle of the train now. Come on!"

They both ran over to the station. The headlight was still far down the track when they reached there. It was a "mixed" train, that is a freight train with one passenger car on the rear end. It slowed up too rapidly, and had to come on with puffs from the locomotive almost as loud as the report of a cannon. Then it stopped at the tank and took a prodigious amount of water, after which a brakeman released a coupling and the engine drew half-a-dozen cars far up the track and shot one of them down on the dark switch behind the wheat elevators.

"What's in that car?" asked Chet, eagerly, of the agent.

"Don't know, haven't got the bill yet. Take that lantern and go and open it and see, if you want to."

Chet seized the lantern and with Harry ran around the elevators. The latter picked up a coupling-pin and struck the lock a sharp rap on the side while Chet pulled on the bolt. It shot back and Harry pushed open the door and clambered in. One end of the car was empty. He turned to the other with the lantern.

"Here's our press!" he shouted to Chet outside.

"Best news I ever heard!" returned Chet. "I'll run and catch the drayman before he goes back and see if we can't get him to take it over to-night," and he disappeared in the darkness.

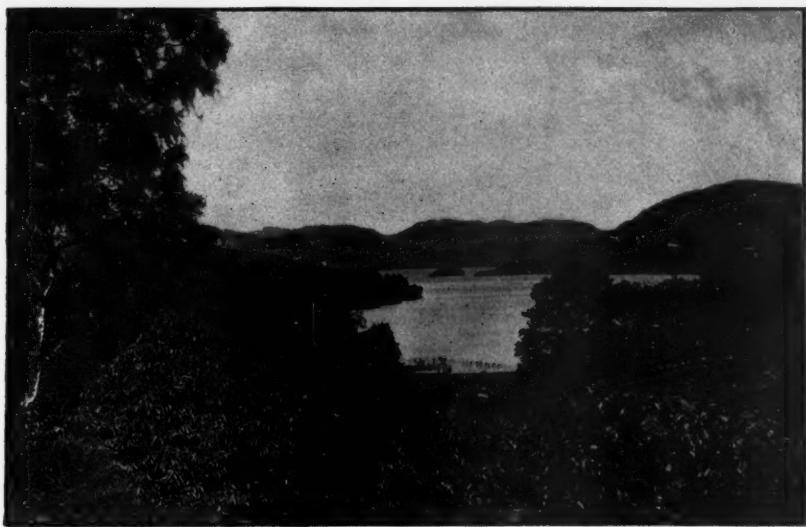
He returned in about five minutes, walking slowly. He came up to the door and rested his chin on the edge of the car floor. Harry was still groping about the press.

"Well," said Chet wearily, and in a tone of half desperation, "what's your report of bad luck?"

"Nothing except that the car seems to have been in an accident and the press is half broken to pieces. What's yours?"

"Oh, it's hardly worth mentioning. Simply that the freight bill is \$45 and we have got \$20."

*To be Continued.*



The view of Coniston Lake Ruskin likes best.

## AN AFTERNOON WITH RUSKIN

BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

THE success of anything published in these days seems to be largely determined by the amount of curiosity it awakens. Douglas Jerrold in the gloom of his domestic troubles, called curiosity an "itch of the ear that breaks out on the tongue," and another misanthrope called it the "kernel of forbidden fruit." This was only the morbid aspect reflected by personal environments. Other more unbiased minds have proclaimed curiosity, as the first and simplest emotion of the human mind. The thirst for knowledge and the seeds of ambition are sown by this ever-present and natural impulse of inquisitiveness. Then glance at the most successful publications. In them this public appetite never appears to be satiated in the desire to know personal details concerning public men. It is personalities after all that are of primal interest in this world, and it is the influence of the personalities that rules the world of thought and action.

So much then, in defence of a candid confession that I visited the "Lake District" in northern England in 1894 for the specific purpose of seeing John Ruskin, who had been for years my hero in the literary realm. His towering intellectual force, and his wonderful heartfelt sympathy, made him to me the most striking and picturesque figure among living writers.

In all of a seven months' tour abroad, no one day is recalled so vividly and with so much satisfaction as "the afternoon with Ruskin." It was not, to be sure, all that could have been desired in the way of a chatty visit, nor was it without its sad aspect, but altogether it was an inspiration. The thousands of young Americans who visit Europe every year, do not return without a recompense. A conspicuous part of mine was the afternoon to which I allude. It was one of those opportunities from which a man ought to learn something. As the drive was taken

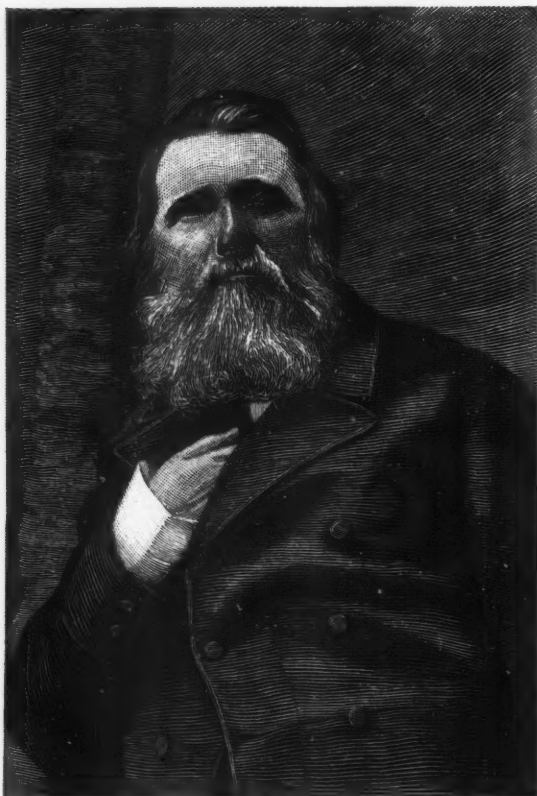
down Yewdale Valley on a glorious autumn afternoon, looking upon the scenes with which Cowper was familiar, his words came to mind as a justification:—

"How much a dunce that has been sent to  
 roam,  
 Excels a dunce that has been kept at  
 home."

THE DRIVE DOWN YEWDAL VALLEY.

The present demand for Hall Caine's

morning, they concluded unanimously that it was too cold for the drive and I started out alone perched on one of the large four-horse coaches, attended by a driver attired in scarlet. The genial landlord told me amid his "good-byes" when I confidently informed him of my object: "Adn't better attempt it now. The last American who saw Professor Ruskin was Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage. Hit's a fool's



John Ruskin.

books adds zest to the tourist's interest in this valley and the "Lake District" in which the scenes of several of his earlier books are laid. It was a cold morning in September when I started on my pilgrimage to "Brantwood," the home of Ruskin. The journey is made by stage from Windemere. When the last straggling tourist came down to breakfast that

herand." The outlook was rather discouraging, but as this was the pivotal point of my visit, I determined to chance it.

Up around the road skirting the cliffs we dashed. The great hills dappled with rocks of slate and purple heather were imposing. No wonder England's great school of poets came from the "lake dis-

trict." The highways are so perfect that the coach seemed to run in perfect grooves as if on rail. At one point we crossed a small neck of the lake on a picturesque ferry.

"We used to ford it but now we afford it. Ha, ha, ha!!!"

The driver gave me this classic joke to muse on. The grass lined banks, nestling islands with flags upon them, the cows drinking placidly and poetically, the little castle on the opposite shore, peeping through the rich autumnal foliage, made one of those rural scenes for which England is so famous.

#### WHERE WORDSWORTH ATTENDED SCHOOL.

A stop for lunch was made at Hawkshead where Wordsworth attended school. It is a typical little village which appears to almost have forgotten that it had a place upon the map. The streets are very narrow and the houses are built in an irregular and jumbled fashion. The corners of some of the structures are linked in together as if to snuggle close and protect each other from the biting and stormy blasts. The school building is a long and grey affair, built of thin pieces or layers of slate apparently without the use of mortar. The old church has recently been restored and among other "modern conveniences" secured, is an American reed organ, with a huge pine pump handle to work the pedals. Here in this almost deserted churchyard are buried many distinguished divines, scholars and poets, who having won fame abroad in the busy world, were brought home to rest. The little children were spending the noon hour in play, the same as they did years ago when the shrinking, timid, Willie Wordsworth sat upon the fence and dreamed. A little white-haired girl was pointed out as Wordsworth's granddaughter paying relatives a visit. She had irregular features but with a bright merry face that made her a typical "Lancashire Lass." She did not seem to mind the curious gaze of the tourists as they stared at her.

After lunch was over the galloping leaders set the pace on up the Yewdale Valley. The whistle of the driver gave warning of every hill to climb. The rare September foliage—well, you know what autumnal grandeur is everywhere—here

seemed to rest under a peculiar poetic spell. We had passed Thirlmere, the lake which now furnishes the water supply for Manchester. It was in the building of this great aqueduct that Ruskin raised his voice in protest, claiming that man had no right to despoil God's handiwork. The country about is interlaced with roads in all directions, running out and up the mountains between picturesque stone fences.

#### THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF CONISTON.

It seemed like an enchanted scene. The old town hall peeped up timidly through the trees and the old church with its square tower and blue dial seemed to bid welcome. Was that the place where Ruskin worshipped? Every new object brought a flood of rushing fancy, "Coniston Old Man" just back of the village looked down in serene and majestic splendor. The copper mines a brief distance beyond which were operated for several hundred years past are now abandoned. In the modern rush of commerce the smelters could not be made to pay. We thus see that the shifting scenes of industrial activity operate in the old world as well as in the new where boom towns in the West are so often left stranded as the channels and tides of trade vary their current. In the midst of all the ruins and romance of this English valley with its wealth of historical associations there has crept but one touch of the vulgar present—the little stub railroad from Furness Abbey.

#### THE LITTLE POST-MISTRESS KNEW RUSKIN.

There is an impulse to first get one's bearings in a strange place by going to the post-office. From that centre is supposed to radiate all the latest and most reliable intelligence.

"Do you know Ruskin?"

"Professor Ruskin, oh yes, we all know him here."

"Have you any late edition of his works?" I inquired, noting there was a book and stationery store in connection.

"Oh, no sir, no one reads them here, but I have some real interesting novels that—"

"Could I see Professor Ruskin?"

"Oh no—no one ever sees him. Besides he has just—been—away—you know," she



A Glimpse of Professor Ruskin while on his favorite walk.

lowered her voice, "He has his man with him now."

"Did the professor attend church here?"

"That was years ago—he used to come across on the ice."

The little post-mistress was lame and altogether a charming talker but I cannot give all the interview.

"Yes, the professor gets big bundles of mail."

"I wonder if he reads it all."

"No, he cannot—now, you know."

Her sweet sympathy for the professor was touching and it strengthened my determination to see my hero. I secured a row boat and started across the water to Brantwood, as it was a long distance by the road around the head of the lake. The black waters of the narrow and deep "tarn" were such a contrast to the blue-

ness of the lakes in Switzerland. In a way the black inky water took away some of the charm of nature's grandeur.

#### BRANTWOOD THE HOME OF THE SAGE.

Nestling in the rich foliage, directly opposite the village near the lake, was Brantwood, the retreat of the sage. The structure is a square slate building covered with stucco and whitewashed a dull yellow. It is festooned with Virginia creeper. A fleet of sailing craft was anchored near a small pier. I pushed on up the shore beyond the house, and climbed the bank through the drifts of autumn leaves, finding at last a sunken road skirting the shore of the lake that had not been visible before. In the garden there was a good-natured looking man working and I frankly told him the object of my mission in the best Lake English



I could command. He informed me that every day between ten and twelve Professor Ruskin went to a little point of land further up the beach and sat there watching the waves wash upon the pebbly shores of the lake he loved. It was then past ten and I went to the point of land,—but Ruskin was not there. After waiting long past noon, I returned to the house along this shaded and sunken road, a favorite walk of the philosopher in

his hours of musing. It is on this driveway that the likeness was taken for the view given on another page. All this time my thoughts were centred on one thing—would I see Ruskin?

On the right of the road were little plots of pasture land and orchards. Further on a beautiful flower garden in which dahlias and Michaelmas daisies were in full autumn splendor. A large greenhouse near by also revealed Ruskin's tender worship for flowers. Bordering upon this scene

of floral art were the bleak, bare cliffs, just beyond, and the lonely hut of a lake farmer, nestling in the sterile fields. The view with its rugged rocks and flowers suggested a wrinkled face,

but a young heart. On up the lonely road through the scattered leaves I wandered. The stables and an array of carriages being washed brought me back to earth for the moment. From the stable is the rear

entrance leading up the hill to Brantwood. The bars were easy, a moment's hesitation, no; go the front way. I walked past the house casting furtive glances and came upon the main entrance leading down to the road. A

three wheeled tricycle lying neglected in the bushes suggested that possibly the author of "Modern Painters" had not quite been captured by the new-fashioned safety. The iron gate swung open as if in welcome and I passed through the tunnel of foliage

to the front door. What a tremor there was in that moment trying to decide which door bell to ring. There was a wing leading directly off from the house not seen from the lake. Through this wing was an arched carriage way.

In the second story the windows were swung open. There was not a sound to break the oppressive silence and the glories of an autumn noontime were just passing. Breathless I pulled the bell.



The churchyard at Grasmere where Wordsworth is buried.



A pastoral scene in the lake district near "Brantwood."

No answer to my trembling summons.

This was the darkest moment of all. I was about to leave disheartened and ; pulled again with de.erm'nat on, thinking, it is no crime to ring a door bell.

A maid in a pretty white cap answered this call and I stepped inside rather awkwardly but drinking in details as one in a trance. A stairway led up from the right of a hall that was simply finished.

The sound of voices were heard inside. Could that be Ruskin's voice?

you. What is your business?" quoth the maid with another searching glance at my pointed American shoes.

My wits were gone and I mumbled something of no importance. Just then Mr. Severens came down the stairway with something of irritation in his face. He was a small-sized man with sharp blue eyes and wore a flannel shirt open at the front.

The situation was a bit unsatisfactory for a moment. But finally I made a clean



"Brantwood," the home of Ruskin on Coniston Lake in northern England.

At last I found my tongue and inquired for Mr. Severens, the artist who is the husband of Ruskin's niece.

"Your card?"

All my pockets were searched but I had none. I still searched while the maid's eyes searched me.

Happy thought, from my breast pocket I pulled the mammoth passport with its spreading eagles and the flourishing signature of the secretary of state.

While she was gone I seemed under the spell of a nearly realized hope.

"Mr. Severens is busy and cannot see

breast of the matter and confessed the mission.

"You can see his study, but you cannot see the professor."

The gentler impulses of the man had conquered and I was shown to a room on the left. I was subdued indeed as I gazed into the fireplace and upon the books and the blue writing lying upon the table upon which were embossed the magic word "Brantwood." No, the impulse of the souvenir fiend did not come upon me. There were rough drawings on the wall and scattered about in a homelike and ar-

tistic manner. Mrs. Severens just then entered the room. She was a sweet looking little lady rather short and stout, with fluffy grey hair and at a glance it was plain to see, an ideal mother.

Mr. Severens returned to say that he was very busy on a pastel portrait and would leave me in charge of his wife.

"But we allow no one to see Mr. Ruskin. He is now out walking with his valet," said the artist in taking his leave.

My face must have shown the disappointment I felt, but when Mrs. Severens showed me to the study it quickly passed away. I felt then as if I were entering a sanctuary.

#### RUSKIN'S STUDY AS IT IS TO-DAY.

In the corner near the fireplace was a little old-fashioned straight back chair upholstered in green. This was his favorite seat and from the little French window about which clambered Virginia creeper, was a sweeping magnificent view of Coniston Lake, as shown in a view on another page. On the wall hung some of Professor Ruskin's architectural drawings, a piece of the capital from St. Luke's at Milan and the famous window in the Durbane cathedral which he so much admires. In the hall were two large panel drawings, one a crowned queen and the other a Grecian figure by Burne-Jones. There were also a number of Ruskin's sketches in charcoal and colored chalk.

On the table, mantel and window case—ment were slender vases in which were carnations of every hue making the little study a veritable flower bower.

"We always keep plenty of flowers for him, he seems to love them so much," said Mrs. Severens.

A fire was smouldering in the grate. Above the mantel on shelves reaching to the ceiling was the famous Greek toy collection. On the table was a volume of "St. Patrick's" bound in green and a paper covered volume of French "Comédies." The candles standing about showed that Ruskin still clung to the good old way of lighting. Book-cases surrounded the room the lower part of which were filled with his famous mineralogical collection. A quaint little Dresden clock ticked away the precious moments. The general decorations of the room were

green, nature's own color, which seemed to be the favorite color of the master.

And this was his workshop, but where the workman?

Mrs. Severens, like all good women, divining my wish, hinted as I brought my tour of inspection to a close:—

"Go out through the driveway when you return."

A tame jackdaw lighted on my shoulder as I passed out and I felt that it was a good omen. Words could not express my gratitude for the kindness of Mrs. Severens even if I were to be deprived of seeing my hero. Just as I turned the corner and began to calculate where the boat was moored I saw a tall figure coming down the road.

It was John Ruskin!

I approached almost trembling, directly toward him. The professor had his hands behind him clasping a silver headed crooked cane. He wore cloth covered gloves, a broadcloth overcoat with long tails and a cream colored slouch hat. Long white hair fell upon his shoulders and his shaggy beard was buttoned inside his outer coat. He walked along with a measured swing and one shoulder much higher than the other gave him a rather bent appearance. The valet, a chunky and typical little Englishman with side whiskers of very red hue, trod behind reading a newspaper. As the society journals would say, he was clad in "conventional black."

The valet was very courteous and tried to introduce me after my failure to awaken recognition. Ruskin's shaggy eyebrows made him appear fierce at first glance but there was a gentleness there that could not be hidden. He continued his measured tread toward the house. Not a word was spoken; he went direct to the little green chair in his study after his hat and coat had been laid aside. And how his face beamed when he saw those flowers! I wish I could impart the inspiration of that moment to every admirer of the man who wrote "Sesame and Lilies" and "Crown of Wild Olives."

He sat with his hands folded as if in devotion, meditating—musing. He wanted to hear from America—the new settlement in Tennessee where his cherished ideals have been tried as an experiment in a town called "Ruskin." I waited

breathless for those inspiring sentences to flow but we sat for the most, in silence. This was broken with a crash of crockery falling. The professor started toward the door. In the hall a little daughter of Mrs. Severnes had fallen and broken a plate. The tall form stooped to pick up one of the pieces of the demolished dish.

"Like a—human purpose—broken—broken!"

Only these words—no more.

It was dramatic—more than dramatic—it seemed a supernatural voice, an echo across the river between two worlds. I felt like kissing the shaking hand that had gathered the broken pieces, the hand that had fought so valliant a fight for humankind. A hand that had given as well as written. As his bent form returned to the bower of roses I gazed through the window on an old oak on the shore of the lake, broken, gnarled and torn by tempest and yet to it clung the green and graceful ivy. How like Ruskin's life—torn by the tempests and trials—self banished to the hermitage of "Brantwood" and yet to him clings the sweetest memories of a useful

career which has been an inspiration to thousands of young lives.

When I closed that maple-grained door I felt as if it was the door of a tomb. He remains behind almost physically dead to the world, but intellectually, spiritually a living and breathing power. His personality is one that spans history.

I left the district with a long lingering glance at "Brantwood" snuggling in its nest of autumn foliage on the hillside. The sunshine had burst through a passing cloud as if to give salute to the dying day. Rugged "Coniston Old Man" was bathed in the regal splendor of the fall sunset.

What an afternoon it had been! Contact with such personalities do not appease a mere curiosity but rather seem to drive us on irresistibly in quest of the "Grail." The personality of Ruskin draws us to a conception of higher ideals, and a nobler appreciation of the beautiful. Even in the fading light of those great, kind grey eyes—a soul-light flashes forth—and will

"UNTO THIS LAST."

## FAME

Once there was a poor old poet  
Who had dreamed of winning fame.  
Somewhere was a laurel growing  
Men would wreath about his name  
If—. Oh God, life's "ifs," whose angu-  
guish  
Makes the heart dumb with its ache,  
Is it—is it any wonder  
That hearts bleed—and break?

This poor poet, hungry, starving,  
For the praise he sought to win  
Saw Fame's doors swing wide to wel-  
come  
Many a younger brother in,  
While he waited at the portal  
Where his entrance was denied  
Till his heart broke with his sorrow,—  
Broke—and so he died!

Who can read Fate's riddle for me?  
Caring nothing more for fame  
Suddenly the world was ringing  
With the poor old poet's name.  
And men reared a shaft of marble  
Over him, and carved beneath  
Sculptured Grief his name, and crowned  
it  
With a laurel wreath.

Yesterday I heard some children  
Who were playing in the street  
One of the dead poet's poems  
In their merry games repeat,  
And I thought it sweeter tribute  
To the poor old poet, dead,  
Than the praise of those who gave a  
Stone, when 'asked for bread!

*Eben E. Rexford.*



Sitting Room at "Wayside," Concord, Massachusetts, Nathaniel Hawthorne's Home.  
Where the children's society was originated.

## PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES OF AMERICA

BY MARION HOWARD



first century of our existence as an independent nation, efforts were bent on making history; now comes its preservation and the emulation of the spirit of Colonial and Revolutionary men and women.

Dating from the Centennial in Philadelphia, there has been a steadily growing

**A**S the dawn of the twentieth century approaches, a striking fact presents itself in the marked revival of patriotism as evidenced in the existence of forty or more hereditary societies. These are scattered all over America and are found in foreign lands, notably France, Italy and Hawaii; in fact, wherever our countrymen band themselves. During the

interest in all that pertains to the good old days and probably no country has so many organizations devoted entirely to patriotic work.

At the coming exposition in Paris in 1900, thousands of Americans representing patriotic societies will attend. Arrangements are being made for a grand reunion, the idea of which emanated from General Horace Porter, ambassador to France, late president-general of the Sons of the American Revolution. A liberty and peace temple will be erected, where the descendants of the French and United States soldiers of the American Revolution will celebrate July 4th.

With great dignity the societies have become a silent power and not in vain has this uprising of national pride taken place! It has been the best kind of an antidote for the virus of mammon worship. It has stimulated a devotion to higher ideas and strengthened the conviction that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

Most patriotic societies are hereditary and grouped in two classes—first those in



which membership is free to any descendant of a patriot who participated in the Colonial, Revolutionary, 1812 or Civil War; second, those in which membership is restricted to the eldest male descendant of an officer who participated in the war of the Revolution, the war with Mexico or Civil War. Of the Grand Army of the Republic and its noble auxiliary, the Woman's Relief Corps (which combines practical charity with patriotic work), only brief mention can be made in this issue.

The oldest hereditary society in which membership is prized is the society of the Cincinnati, organized in the Verplanck mansion, New York state, May 13, 1783. George Washington and the American and foreign officers who served on his staff were charter members. The thirteen original states were represented in its early membership.

The badge of the society was designed by Major Pierre C. L'Enfant, the French engineer who planned the city of Washington. This can only be worn by the oldest son who inherits the membership on the decease of the original owner.

A similar organization—on hereditary lines—exists for women, in the Mary Washington Memorial Association, organized for the purpose of erecting and preserving a monument over the remains of the mother of Washington. A handsome obelisk now stands in Fredericksburg and on one side appear the words: "Erected by her countrywomen." Efforts are being made for an endowment fund to preserve the grounds, and the membership is increasing rapidly from among the Daughters of the American Revolution. Life membership is hereditary and reverts to



National Society of Colonial Dames.

the oldest daughter. The badge is a five-pointed star and rarely beautiful in design, bearing the head of the woman they honor and suspended by blue ribbon—Washington's favorite color.

Because of the restrictions and exclusiveness of the Society of the Cincinnati, in admitting only descendants of officers, another society was formed, now known as the Sons of the Revolution, which became an active body in 1883 and which has a large and widely scattered membership, especially strong in Massachusetts, where historic spots innumerable have been marked and preserved through their efforts. They celebrate Revolutionary events and on Washington's Birthday hold special exercises.

In New York City stands the heroic statue of Nathan Hale, erected by the Sons of the Empire state and bearing the famous words, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." In Pennsylvania and all along the line, their power is felt in patriotic achievements. In Illinois, the state society offered a gold medal for the best essay on "The cause that led to the War of the Revolution."

It was recently won by a young lady, Miss Iva M. Rice of Lewiston, Ill. Medals and prizes are frequently offered by this and other patriotic societies, thus encouraging a study of things American. Continental buff and blue are the society colors.

Working almost shoulder to shoulder is the society of the Sons of the American Revolution. Although originally two distinct bodies with identical aims and purposes they are now consolidating after much discussion and some opposition. On April, 19 (now Patriot's Day), in 1889, the society was duly



Daughters of the Revolution.



Daughters of the American Revolution.

organized with the Hon. Charles H. Saunders, ex-mayor of Cambridge, as its first president. Although newer it is somewhat larger and is entitled to credit for its remarkable activity. It has celebrated more than a hundred anniversaries and important Revolutionary events. The popular observance of June 14 as "Flag Day" is largely due to its agitation. In Massachusetts more than sixteen hundred graves of Revolutionary soldiers have been marked, with a bronze marker, on which appears the design of a minute man, the society's initials and the date 1776.

Across the sea in the Picpus cemetery in Paris, one of these markers is conspicuous at the grave of Lafayette placed there by Capt. Nathan Appleton of the Boston (Mass.) chapter, in 1894.

Its insignia follows in general form the cross of the order of St. Louis of France, thus commemorating the fact that Louis XVI., who sent his soldiers to the aid of the Americans, as well as nearly all the French officers, were members of the order. Blue and white are their colors.

General Horace Porter, ambassador to France, was succeeded as president of the society a few months ago by Edwin Shepard Barrett of Concord, who resides on the historic battle ground.

At Brown University is a tablet placed there in 1896 by the Rhode Island Sons of the American Revolution, commemora-

tive of the scene where for several years were quartered the patriot forces and their French allies. For six years all academic exercises were suspended, the faculty, graduates and students to a man were engaged in the service of their country. This society numbers nine thousand members in thirty-six states, with a branch in Hawaii. At its last annual meeting a committee of thirteen was appointed to appeal to Congress to prevent

the use of the American flag for advertising purposes, and another to consider the purchase by the government of a private cemetery in Ohio where twenty-five hundred men who fought in the war of 1812, some of them Revolutionary soldiers, are buried. Through its influences many historic buildings have been saved, notably that of Jonathan Trumbull (Brother Jonathan).

At the joint meeting held recently in Cincinnati when the basis for union was pro-

posed and accepted, a resolution was passed upon asking the United States Congress to restore the Frigate Constitution and give her back to Massachusetts where she was built and launched.

As the Sons derived eligibility only through a Revolutionary soldier, the call came for recognition of the Colonial ancestor. This led to the formation in August, 1892, in New York City, of the Society of the Colonial Wars which has attained a large membership from among



Mrs. Donald McLean.  
*Presidential Candidate for the coming term of the  
Daughters of the American Revolution.*



Society of the Cincinnati.

celebrated by the society in Massachusetts, representing as it does the earliest settlers in America and thus constituting the closest links with the motherland. It goes on record as desirous for "Peace on earth, good will toward men." The total membership exceeds three thousand in Massachusetts, over three hundred under the leadership of Mr. Arthur Clark Sowden. Its colors are red and white and its flag is the red cross of St. George on a white field, with the society's seal in the centre, surmounted by a crown and surrounded with nine stars.

Things Colonial are quite the fashion of the hour, as evidenced in the furniture of many of our modern homes, in the fitting up of exhibition halls for public gaze. The taste for the Delft ware speaks of the old Hollanders who came over and settled New York and New Jersey and this suggests mention of the Holland Dames, organized in New York in 1886, com-

posed of descendants from ancestors who came from Holland prior to 1675. Existing on same lines is the Holland Society incorporated in March, 1885. Eligibility to membership consists in being descended in direct male line from a Dutchman resident in America prior to 1675.



Children of the American Revolution.

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being descended in direct male line from a Dutchman resident in America prior to 1675.

Two societies exist called the Colonial Dames of America, the oldest organized May 23, 1890, the other—a national society—came into existence in May, 1892. In the latter, its members must be descendants from men who came to the colonies prior to 1750. The eligibility clause in the older



United States Daughters of 1776-1812.

society stipulates descent from "citizens of distinction prior to 1776." Membership is only permitted by invitation. The conservatism displayed in the parent society, was the main cause for the national society to take life. Membership in this body is more extended, covering nearly all the thirteen original states, with branches in non-colonial States. A study of Colonial history is one of their objects. The badge is rarely beautiful, a gold Maltese cross, with sun burst rays in the centre of which is a stately Colonial dame in blue enamel. This is suspended



Mrs. Daniel Lothrop.

Founder of the Children of the American Revolution.



Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison.  
First President of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

by a blue and buff ribbon.

Still another society exists, whereby one must be invited to join—Descendants of Colonial Governors. It was founded in January, 1896, by Miss Mary Cabell Richardson of Covington, Ky., a member of the Colonial Dames of that state and registrar of the Cincinnati Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. Richardson was succeeded as governor general by Mrs. Henry Whipple Skinner of Detroit, a member of the Dana family of Cambridge, Mass. This organization is unique; inasmuch as it has no constitution, no fees, no binding obligations. The offices are life appointments which does away with elections, etc. New York, California, Connecticut, Kentucky, Massachusetts and Washington are represented on the managing board. Fifteen states and Canada hold membership. To be eligible one must hold membership in the Mayflower Society, or Colonial Dames; furthermore one must be invited to join. The insignia is a gold star, having a narrow border, with the initials "C. G." in red enamel in the centre. The star hangs from a

tiny crown which is attached to a white ribbon with narrow red edge. Ancestors' names are engraved on a series of bars.

Of special interest to New Englanders is the society of Mayflower Descendants organized in New York in 1894 and incorporated in New London, Conn., March 7, 1896. This, too, is open to both sexes, to male and female descendants of the passengers of the Mayflower in 1620. Massachusetts has two hundred and fifty-six members, with headquarters, in charge of the secretary, Mr. George Ernest Bournan. Its governor general is the Hon. Henry E. Howland of New York. Its Massachusetts governor is the Hon. Gamaliel Bradford, descendant of Governor Bradford whose History of the Plymouth Plantation—commonly called the Log—has recently been returned to this country, with much ceremony.

Quite the largest society of all is the Daughters of the American Revolution, which owes its early existence to the disinclination of the Sons to receive them as an auxiliary society. They now number more than twenty thousand lineal descendants of recognized patriots of the Revolutionary period. Once a year they



Mrs. Adlai Stevenson.  
President of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

hold a Continental Congress in Washington during the week of Washington's Birthday, February 22. Their charter was issued by the United States Congress. The work is divided among chapters in forty-five states and is growing rapidly. The central thought in their organization was to honor the women of the Revolutionary days—hence their badge, a spinning wheel and distaff suspended by the colors of Washington's staff, blue and white. The late Caroline Scott Harrison was the first president, Mrs. Adlai Stevenson is the present, and a candidate for the coming term is Mrs. Donald McLean of New York, a brilliant woman, whose chapter is, under her leadership, famous for its achievements, notably the endowment of a chair in American History in Barnard College, the establishment of a scholarship in her own chapter and the gift of the flagpole at

Grant's tomb. It is to her thoughtful patriotism that a suitable memorial will undoubtedly be presented to France in 1900, as coming from the Daughters. Historic spots have been marked, eventful days celebrated and many a landmark saved by these earnest women. The Philadelphia Chapter raised \$5,000 toward the restoration of Independence Hall. Each one of the Chapters (nearly five hundred) has its local work to perform, some carrying it into the schools.

This leads up to the national society of the Children of the American Revolution, now numbering into the thousands. It was to the late Daniel Lothrop, the children's publisher, that this society owes

its existence. His wife, known as "Margaret Sydney," simply carried out his plan and became the official founder. When Mrs. Lothrop joined the Daughters of the American Revolution her first thought was of the children. Her opportunity came in 1895 when she gave the response to the welcome of the president general of the Daughters in Washington. We present a sketch of the room at Way-

side (Nathaniel Hawthorne's home) at Concord, this being Mrs. Lothrop's home, in which the famous response was written, that voiced to all the Daughters assembled the need of the youth of our land. For Mrs. Lothrop's idea was that to the mothers and sisters especially should the work be entrusted and that it was just such work as this that was peculiarly adapted to the Daughters of the American Chapters seeking practical patriotic work to energize their forces and to



Mrs. Sara White Lee.  
*Incorporator and first state regent of the Daughters of the Revolution.*

achieve distinct and lasting values.

By the unanimous vote of the Congress, Mrs. Lothrop was put in charge of future organization and has since been its national president. The society is built on a broad and useful platform, commending itself alike to parent and child. Its tendency is to popularize the work of the public schools towards patriotism. Each state has its board of promoters. A prize is offered this year for the best essay on the American Constitution, which the lads and lassies are now studying.

"The Old North Bridge" of Concord is the first society organized. Tablets are to be placed this fall along the road down which the minute men marched to the



bridge April 19, 1775. The seal of the society has upon its face the figures of a boy and girl in dress appropriate to the Continental period. Between them is a shield, above them are the thirteen stars arranged in a symbolic setting.

Any boy or girl may be eligible for membership from birth to the age of eighteen for girls, twenty-one for boys, who is descended from a man or woman who with unflinching loyalty, rendered material aid to the cause of independence from a recognized patriot, a soldier, sailor or civil officer, in one of the several colonies or states or the United Colonies or states.

The Daughters of the Revolution originated in 1891 as a result of the collateral clause in the constitution of the National society. This objection does not now exist, however. The disaffected members, led by Mrs. Flora Adams Darling of New York formed the General Society, with branches in several states. They have done grand work and are strongly organized. Mrs. William Lee is the incorporator and first state regent of Massachusetts; a woman eminently fitted to adorn the office. Mrs. Lee is liberal in thought and patriotic in a high degree.

Mrs. Lee is first vice president for Massachusetts of the United States Daughters of 1812 (Flora Adams Darling founder) with headquarters in New York. This bids fair to be a large society, as the membership is increasing in New England.

Mrs. William Gerry Sade, founder of the National Society of New England Women is the president general; Mrs. Nelson V. Titus, the Massachusetts president; Miss Helen Bailey of Nashua, New Hampshire, the president for her state and Maine. The work of the Massachusetts society has begun in the pledge to raise \$100,000, or its equivalent to save the Frigate Constitution. On Saturday, October 23, the society held a reception on board the old ship, having as guest of honor, Major Garland, the only survivor of the ship's crew, who served at ten years of age as powder boy. The venerable man travelled from his southern home and was the hero of the hour in the Old South Meeting House on the anniversary of the launching of the ship, October 21.



John Quincy Adams.

*Founder and Secretary General of the Founders and Patriots of America.*

A largely increasing order is that of the Founders and Patriots of America, incorporated in New York, March, 1896, in New Jersey April 28, 1896, and in Connecticut in May, same year. Massachusetts is shortly to be incorporated. Among the objects are:—



Hon. Edwin Shepard Barrett.

*President General of the Sons of the American Revolution.*

To bring together and associate congenial men, whose ancestors struggled together for life and liberty, home and happiness, in this land, when it was a new and unknown country, and whose line of descent from them, comes through patriots who sustained the Colonies in the struggle for independence in the Revolutionary War.

To discover, collect and preserve records, documents, manuscripts, monuments and history relating to the genealogy and the history of the first Colonists and their ancestors and their descendants.

Its governor-general is Col. Frederick Dent Grant; its deputy governor-general, Hon. Edward Pliny Chapin of Springfield, Mass., its secretary general, Mr. John Quincy Adams of New York one of the incorporators.

The order has adopted for its flag the flag of the United States, as by Act of Congress established. For its Standard, the red cross of St. George on a white field, similar to the flag used in the Colonies from 1607 to 1657, with a circle of thirteen white stars in a blue canton, similar to the Union in the flag adopted June 14, 1777, by resolution of the Continental Congress.

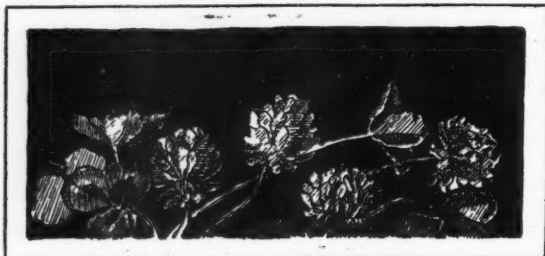
This Standard, twelve feet square, made of American bunting by American workmen and sewed with American thread, was presented by Rear Admiral Meade, U. S. N.

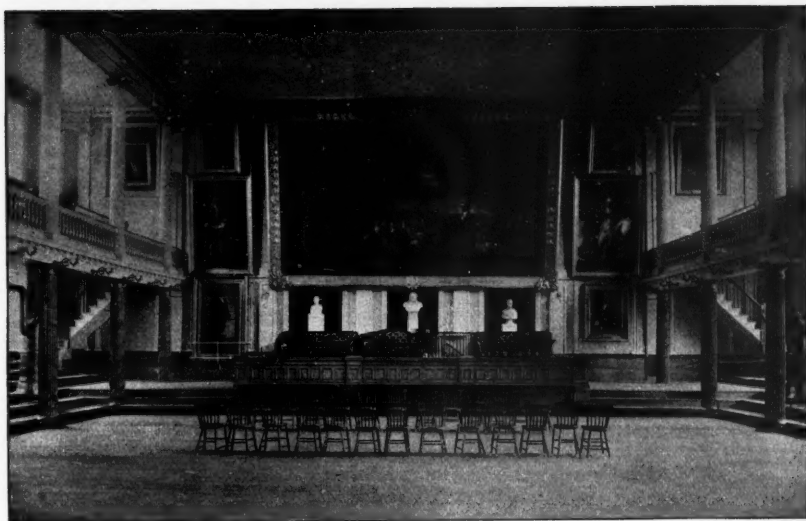
Only brief mention can be made in this article of other societies, the American Wars, instituted January 11, 1897; the Aztec Club founded in 1847 for descendants of officers of the Mexican War; Colonial Order, born Jan. 30, 1894; Daughters

of the Cincinnati incorporated in 1894 for women descended from officers of the Revolution; the Sons and Daughters of Veterans of the Civil War (two distinct bodies), the Huguenot society, composed of descendants of the men who came to America prior to 1787.

A growing order for the young is the League of the red, white and blue, organized in the public schools of New York, June 15, 1896.—Flag Day, composed of pupils who have written from memory certain patriotic poems. Then the Medal of Honor Legion must not be forgotten, made up of United States officers of the Civil War; nor the Military Order of Foreign Wars, the Naval Order of the United States, National Society of New England Women; Order of the Old Guard; Order of Washington; Saint Nicholas, organized in 1835 for male descendants (limited to six hundred and fifty) of natives of New York state prior to 1785; and the War of 1812 started two years later for lineal male descendants of officers and soldiers of the War of 1812.

Among the accomplishments of the near future will be the erection of a Continental Hall in Washington by the Daughters of the American Revolution, the building and establishing of a National University, to carry out the wish of Washington in his will, in which all societies will contribute and the erection of a statue to Washington in Paris. All this establishes the fact of a grand wave of patriotism spreading over our beloved land. The achievements already attained justify the existence and show the mission of our American Patriotic Societies.





The Interior of Faneuil Hall, Boston, the "Cradle of American Liberty."

## THE FIRST AMERICAN CONGRESS

BY BARRY BULKLEY

THE important epochs in American history have been distinctly marked by certain dramatic scenes in public life. The growth of sentiment leading up to these scenes, has been slow and insidious, but a particular flash, a fiery word or sentence, a heated debate, a stinging rebuke, has in many cases, been the specific and immediate cause of the great changes in American history. The great pile of tinder is dull and harmless and arouses no currents until the match is lighted. What are the dramatic scenes that have been the direct result of forcing great and meritorious questions to an issue?

In order to throw some new and suggestive side-lights on American history "The National Magazine" has taken up this comparatively new phase of our history, to humanize it, and obtain occasional relief from the conventional narrative of chronological events. Now, the first essential is to look upon the great actors in our national history, not as far-

away enchanted objects, but to realize that human conditions and human environments existed then as now. When the boy realizes, forsooth, that George Washington actually was a boy and did cut down the cherry tree, his interest is the more directly aroused. When the youth in school can comprehend that the general impulse and current of human events is the same throughout all history, and can draw distinct and specific parallels in his own personal knowledge of affairs, the history class is no longer regarded in a perfunctory way, and with the same dread as before.

Let us get the right atmosphere in the scenes to start with and bring forth the imaginative faculty which some recent educational methods are endeavoring to stifle. Fancy those stately forefathers in knickerbockers as men of to-day. They met together and talked over their grievances as men talk over grievances to-day. Do not credit them with the prescience of prophets because they lived so long ago.

They little dreamed of achieving what actually did occur. It was, to begin with, as in nearly all great revolutions in the world's history, primarily, a question of dollars and cents. Our distinguished forefathers had the spirit of the present time within them.

Do not be shocked when we relate a dramatic scene that we may well imagine caused that meeting in Faneuil Hall where the candle of Liberty was rocked. Two men met on King Street, now State Street in Boston, at the foot of Beacon Hill near the town hall (old State House). One was a large property owner in Boston, the other, an official representative of King George, clad in gorgeous scarlet.

"I understand his Majesty's government is going to close the port of Boston and award the board of customs to Marblehead."

"His Majesty's government does all things well," answered the official, rolling his eyes, as if in obeisance to his king.

"But this is a plot on the part of your foreign beggars to ruin us and build up a rival port."

"Take a care, brother, how you talk; the project has not yet been sanctioned by us."

"You!—little weight has been with the powers at St. James. With our town filled with your red-coats we are nothing more than prisoners of war."

"Have a care, brother, you are speaking quite too hastily."

"Care! what more could we care to see ourselves ruined? And now you are to move the seat of government to Salem, where you and your flunkies have hope to make your private gains and starve us into submission to your infamous impost tax."

"This is going too far——"

"Well, go to the Witch Town and——"

"Look out sir. My approval is not yet given and if——"

"Approved! Oh, ho! You and your cliques are trying to feather your nest on royal subsidy lands at Salem but we'll throttle your plot yet. We are liberty-loving people and such hounds as ——"

"Sire this is too much. I must protest——"

"No, it is not half enough. You are rogues, vile tyrants."

"Sire I will demand satisfaction for

this at the proper time. Such hot-heads, grasping landlords and agitators as yourself have brought on all this trouble."

"It is a lie and——"

Through interference of a friend the challenge was passed but the duel never fought, but King George's men in scarlet that night quickly dispatched a packet of orders under the big red official seal to a vessel in the harbor. With a sneer he thought over the incidents of the day.

"A lie was it—we will see, we will see."

The orders were dispatched by the first returning vessel from London to close the port of Boston.

Two men, whose names are unknown in history, were undoubtedly the direct cause of this movement taking definite shape. This little dramatic spark on the streets of Boston may have been a vital force in forcing the issue—the time was ripe.

The period from May, 1774, to 1776 is as memorable as it was critical, for the colonies then had realized that some steps were necessary for the bringing together of the various representatives into a gathering for an exchange of views and for the formation of a policy that would enable them to present a united front instead of the previously disunited and scattered resistance to the common foe. In such a movement the first American Congress had its origin in Philadelphia on September 5, 1774; this Congress, full as it is of interest, is not to be confused with the Congress of 1787, from which dates the birth of our Congress of to-day. It is the purpose to sketch in a succeeding issue the features, characters and incidents of the latter.

#### THE FIRST "ROLL CALL" OF CONGRESS.

In Philadelphia, then, on the fifth day of September, 1774, met the First American Congress.

The time for the American Revolution had arrived. The traditional inheritance of the American—Liberty—had begun to assert itself. So diversified had become the resources of the country, so vast was the agricultural and mineral wealth, so extensive the forest domain that the absurdity of a government across the seas grew upon the people of this country until the conviction became stronger and stronger that the hour was ripe for a gov-



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*"At the same time the Colonial Governors sat at their ease, smoking and drinking the health of their royal master."*



ernment and institutions of their own. The act of May 10, 1774, closing the port of Boston, giving Marblehead the Board of Customs, Salem the seat of government and closing Boston as a port was the "last straw." The Boston Committee of Correspondence detecting in this move the plan to shut off the commerce and living of their city, invited the neighboring towns to a conference on the crisis in public affairs. These assembled promptly in Faneuil Hall, the "cradle of American liberty." The idea of a Congress of the Colonies was then and there broached. On the twelfth of May came the cheering news, carried by the Speaker of the Rhode Island Assembly, that the thirteen governments, answering a circular letter, had declared themselves for union. To the king's threat to starve the people into submission came the following courageous defiance: "Now is the time when all should be united in opposition to this violation of the liberties of all. The single question is whether you consider Boston as suffering in the common cause, and sensibly feel and resent the injury and affront offered to her. We cannot believe otherwise; assuring you that, not in the least intimidated by this inhuman treatment, we are still determined to maintain to the utmost of our abilities the rights of America."

The people of Massachusetts loved the homes of their ancestors; they were almost entirely of English stock, and for this reason, if for none other, they were correspondingly awake to the tyranny of the mother country. They resolved to stand shoulder to shoulder in the fight for liberty.

New York was quick to join forces with her Boston brethren, and to the Sons of Liberty of that city is due the inception of the Continental Congress of 1774. One by one the other colonies fell into line, some with greater alacrity than others, but all finally with a fixed resolve to do and dare for the cause of American liberty.

To follow these thirteen colonies through the series of preparations that led to a meeting of a general Congress so earnestly desired and advocated by all, would be a usurpation of the province of the historian. Suffice it to say that difficulties and obstacles were all swept aside and the First American Congress had its

session, as before stated, in Philadelphia on September 5th, 1774.

#### THE CONTRAST OF A SINGLE CENTURY.

All residents of Washington point with justifiable pride to the Capitol as a structure of magnificence and beauty, and visitors to the National Capitol are a unit in according it the first place among the great buildings of the world. It is not recorded that any members of the First American Congress met for the purposes of deliberation behind ebony desks beneath a brilliant dome in any edifice of such grandeur; it is not recorded that any one of that body strolled leisurely to his place in the chamber, smelled languidly of a bunch of roses placed upon his desk with kindly remembrances of some constituent, looked lazily into the gallery to encounter the gaze of attractive eyes, or to permit his own to rest in ill concealed disgust upon the figure of some somnolent negro on whom the speech making and the atmosphere have had a soporific effect. There were none of these and kindred scenes so familiar to the frequenters of the Capitol of to-day, where some members assemble with earnestness of purpose for their country's good, and others gather for "acts of pretended legislation." Nor is it recorded that any members of the First American Congress arrived at the meeting place in private cars with a retinue of secretaries and newspaper men ready to publish their thoughts to a thinking world. On the contrary the members of that Congress rejected the offer of Galloway, the Speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly, who was anxious that the Congress use the State House as a place for their deliberation, and selected by an overwhelming majority a plain but commodious hall tendered for their use by the mechanics of Philadelphia, to be known thereafter in history as Carpenter's Hall.

#### THE FIRST DAY OF THE FIRST CONGRESS.

The sun dawned brightly on that fifth day of September, 1774, and as his bright rays dissipated the haze of the early September morning, his beams seemed to irradiate the quiet Philadelphia streets with glorious promise. The weather was such as one would expect in that latitude in the early fall. A clergyman of considerable prominence in Virginia is author-



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"During the First Session of Congress an unofficial gathering at the old State House, Boston, had no less important weight in determining the history of the hour."

ity for the statement that the horseflies caused the signing of the Declaration of Independence, inasmuch as the signers of that document attended its reading in a hall adjoining a stable from which the flies issued in such swarms on the hottest days and so effectually bit the persons of

the dignified gentlemen that they affixed their signatures to the paper without displaying the patience and the fortitude necessary to the proper attention upon full reading. Be that as it may, the day of September the fifth was not such a one as to promote undue haste or undignified

exit. Each colony had sent as many delegates as it pleased to the Congress, and fifty-five in all sat down. This provoked from Henry, the representative of the largest colony, the remark that it would be unjust for a little colony to have so much weight in the Councils of America as a great one, and from Sullivan of New Hampshire, the retort that a "little colony has its all at stake as well as a great one." John Adams participated in the discussion to the extent of saying that though the vote by colonies was unequal, any other course would give rise to differences of opinion; for there were no records of the numerical strength of the people. This suggestion led to a period of exaggeration, to which the representatives of today are by no means strangers, with the result that the population of the Colonies was estimated to be a million or two in excess of what it really was—two million and a half. There the discussion ended for the time.

Of great contrast was the place of meeting and were the attire and general appearance of the members of that body to the representatives we of the present time may behold from the galleries of the Capitol. Carpenter's Hall was, as has been observed, plain but commodious, and while it was commodious for the purpose for which it was then used, and for the buildings of that period was considered quite an edifice, it would be nowadays only an insignificant pile of bricks, particularly when compared with our magnificent Capitol. It was a respectable building constructed for the hall of meeting for the Society of House Carpenters of Philadelphia. Its location in a court at the end of the alley leading south from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets, might have been then, but is now considerably removed from the desirable residence section of Philadelphia. Of brick, three stories high, surmounted with a low steeple, of an exterior sombre, it was hardly the most cheerful looking place in the world, yet answered well the serious purposes for which it was used. The lower room in which the Congress met comprehends the entire first floor of the building; the stories above were used for committee rooms. Since the meeting of that famous Congress there that unpretentious structure has served a variety of

purposes, first as a bank, then as a school-house, and (shades of Patrick Henry!) as an auction house. Think of it! The halls that once echoed with the eloquence of a Henry reverberating with the coarse tones of the auctioneer!

#### THE COURTLY DIGNITY OF THE TIME.

The members took their places with a seriousness of manner and a gravity of demeanor that well comported with the important issues to face. They were a fine looking body of men, these members who were to take so important a part in the salvation of their land and in the promotion of its liberties. With faces, for the most part, cleanly shaven, showing well the lines of determination and grit, with manner courteous, and displaying due and careful recognition of the rights of others. If one were to glance over the present Congress and pick out a face best typifying the general character of those displayed in the First American Congress, he would select that of President McKinley. Their appearance was clean cut, clear, high-bred.

Knee-breeches and swallow-tail coats were in vogue at that period, and there was a harmoniousness therefore of attire such as one does not behold nowadays in our Hall of Representatives. The eye was not offended by an indiscriminate intermingling of frock coats cut-aways-Kentuck, homespun, Alpaca sack coats, etc. Indeed, the sombre effect of those earlier days would be welcomed as a desirable change to the nondescript costumes now in vogue. Such a change might prove inconveniently warm, but it would enhance the dignity of the meetings of Congress, even if it militated against the comfort of the members.

#### THE FAMOUS MEMBERS.

A glance at the personnel of the First American Congress is particularly interesting. The president, as he was styled, was Peyton Randolph, late Speaker of the Assembly of Virginia, of whom Jefferson, said, in a letter to his grandson that in early life, amid difficulties and temptations, he used to ask how Peyton Randolph would act in such a situation, and what course would meet with his approbation. The choice of Randolph as first President was unanimous; he was about fifty-three years of age, although he is de-

scribed by a fellow member as a "venerable man," and further as an "honest man; has knowledge, temper, experience, judgment, above all, integrity—a true Roman spirit." Surely a better man it would have been hard to find.

Patrick Henry of Virginia, carrying in his heart the fire of patriotism, upon his lips those ringing words of "give me liberty or give me death," was there. By one speech was his reputation as the foremost orator on the continent achieved; his words: "I am not a Virginian, but an American," show what place the doctrine

of states' rights would have held with him. Washington, so soon to lead the forces of the patriots on many a bloody field, was there; so were Samuel Adams and his cousin John; the former recognizing that the rigid puritanism of New England was held in disrepute arose and said with perfect sincerity (for he was large minded and diplomatic, too) "he was no bigot and could hear a prayer from a gentleman of piety and virtue who was at

the same time a friend to his country. He was a stranger in Philadelphia, but he had heard that Mr. Duché deserved that character, and therefore he moved that Mr. Duché, an Episcopal clergyman, might be desired to read prayers to the Congress." A wise move, for it tickled the Episcopalians who were in the ascendancy in New York, South Carolina and Virginia and was particularly gratifying to the Philadelphians among whom Mr. Duché was very popular. John Adams was by no means behind his distinguished cousin in sagacity and tact; it will be recalled that it was he who committed Virginia to the cause of independ-

ence by nominating Washington for the chief command of the army.

Rutledge, of South Carolina, pronounced by Patrick Henry the "greatest orator" in the body, answered the roll call, as did Gadsen, of the same state, who was afterwards to distinguish himself in the patriot army, and in 1782 was elected governor of South Carolina.

Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, was among the members answering to the call. Of person tall and graceful, of "voice clear and rich," of oratory impressive. It has been said of him that his "mind was

like a sword, too large for its scabbard." He has left his imprint upon the Declaration of Independence, for it was he who moved that "these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be totally dissolved." Others, too, there were of equal distinction who figured conspicuously in the proceedings of that Congress, whose



His Most Gracious Majesty, King George III.

fame and achievements then and thereafter will be the subject of a succeeding sketch.

If it is difficult to arrive at conclusion in bodies where the minds are slow to act, it is just as hard to reach results where there is an over-plus of brilliancy. In the First American Congress there was no want of grey matter, and happy to relate, it was so well regulated as to guide its members to calm, conservative, safe judgment rather than to skyrocket explosions of speech and oratory for the galleries. What speech there was, was oratory; it was not undignified rant. There were many features of the Congress similar to

those in vogue in our Houses of to-day. For instance, it was voted that the doors be kept shut during the time of business; the members, however, bound themselves by their honor to keep the proceedings secret until such a time as the majority would sanction their divulgence. In the shutting of the doors to the public we find a counterpart to the first in our present sessions of Congress, where by the closing of doors it is signified that the Senate has gone into "Executive Session."

#### DRAMATIC EPISODES THAT MAKE HISTORY.

There were dramatic incidents, too, to mark the sessions of the body. The Speaker, or President, did not find it a part of his duty to reprimand some incensed or recalcitrant member. Such features were altogether lacking. On the second day of the session, just before adjournment, the news came that as a result of the bloody attack on the people by the soldiers at Boston, Connecticut and Massachusetts were rising in arms. It would seem that the psalm for the day was prophetic of the conflict to ensue. The minister read forth in distinct tones: "Plead then my cause, O Lord, with them that strive with me; and fight thou against them that fight against me. Bring forth the spear, and stop the way against them that persecute me. Let them that imagine mischief for me be as dust before the wind. Who is like unto Thee, who deliverest the poor from him that is too strong for him? Lord! how long wilt Thou look on? Awake, and stand up to judge my quarrel; avenge thou my cause, my God and my Lord." And there in the attitude of prayerful attention stood Washington, the Adamses, Rutledge, Lee, Randolph, Gadsen and Henry!

By the power of proper legislation more than by the power of arms we have been enabled to maintain our standing among the nations of the earth.

During the first session of Congress an unofficial gathering at the old State House had no less important weight in making the history of the hour. The structure is described by one of that day.

"It is a very grand Brick building arched all round and two stories high, sashed above; its lower part is always open, designed as a Change; the mer-

chants in fair weather make their Change in the open street at the eastermost end. In the upper story are the Council and Assembly chambers. It has a neat capula, sashed all round, which on rejoicing days is illuminated."

The dramatic event that perhaps of all others determined the course of events leading up to the revolution was when at eight o'clock on that evening in March, 1770, the deep-toned bell of First Church called the people to King Street in front of the old State House. The troops were quartered there. The feeling was intense and bitter. One impassioned word passed, "Fire!"

The snow in front of the old State House was crimsoned with American blood in the Boston massacre. The town drums were beaten, alarm bells rung. The enraged people were ready to offer their lives. The Colonial Governor, from the balcony, with a dramatic wave of his hand promised justice and quenched the flames which threatened rebellion but the fire still smouldered. The soldiers were tried and acquitted, and think of the satire of succeeding events. John Adams and Josiah Quincy appeared for the defence of the soldiers, who murdered their fellow citizens at the Boston massacre. But then they were lawyers—later patriots.

On July 18, fourteen days after it was signed in Philadelphia the immortal words of the declaration of independence were read to the assembled people from the east window of the Council chamber of this same building. The listening multitude stood upon the spot sanctified by American blood as its stirring sentences were read, and every word had a vital meaning. It was a solemn gathering.

At this same time, perhaps on that identical evening the Colonial Governors sat at their ease smoking and drinking the health of their royal master. There is light and shadow upon these pictures of history. The hopelessness of the American cause was to these officials firmly established and they drank again.

"Here's to our misguided brethren. Why not take the affairs philosophically and sensibly? Prosperity would smile on all if they would only be practical, as we are. Long live King George!"





The Town Crier's Song on Christmas Eve.

## CHRISTMAS IN "MERRIE OLD ENGLAND." AS SEEN BY CRUIKSHANK

BY FLYNN WAYNE

THE Christmas of Cruikshank in the days of "merrie old England" gives a wholly different conception of the holiday from that held at the present time. The observances of Yule-tide seem to shift about in each succeeding generation until it is difficult to retain the flavor of good old traditions, in their entirety.

The spirit of the "merrie old days" is vividly recalled by the drawings of Cruikshank given on these pages. After all, when we want to get the atmosphere of an epoch, it is the artist who gives us the most satisfactory impressions. There is a subtle warmth of expression in a picture that brings the eye to the aid of mere fancy.

In those "good old days"—perhaps all past days are good old days for age does certainly add an interest—the town-crier's song on Christmas Eve was the overture of the succession of festivities incidental to the Christmas time.

Listen to his song as he sings to a tune not definable on a musical bar:—

Good people all,  
Both great and small,  
Come listen to my rhyme!  
Let others sing the praise of Spring:  
My theme's the Christmas time.

Oh! time of joy  
To man and boy;  
Rich, poor; grave, gay; low, high;  
When none but sounds of mirth are heard  
And only criers cry.

There is just a suspicion in his voice and in his wavering steps that he has opened festivities.

Now, Cruikshank may have been a cartoonist, but he was first an artist. The true conception and spirit revealed is that Christmas was then a day of good cheer and good will—while to-day it is more a gift-giving formality. Presents were given to the town-crier, postman and servant—small trifles at the best—but none



Christmas Comes But Once a Year.

of such an import as to absorb the Christmas appropriations of to-day. Nor were even acquaintances on the list; the securing of the presents is simply a test of the science of shopping. The stores are thronged—the recipient of the gift has, no doubt, priced the same article received, in the quest of his own gifts.

Why not put more good cheer in Christ-

mas festivities! Speaking of jollities of the "merrie old days" note Cruikshank's Christmas bustle, where the gay and gallant feel the flow of good spirits. We venture to contrast with Cruikshank's sketch of a glimpse at fashion's foibles one of more recent hue and color. The contrast is marked and reflects truly the dominant ideas of the times.



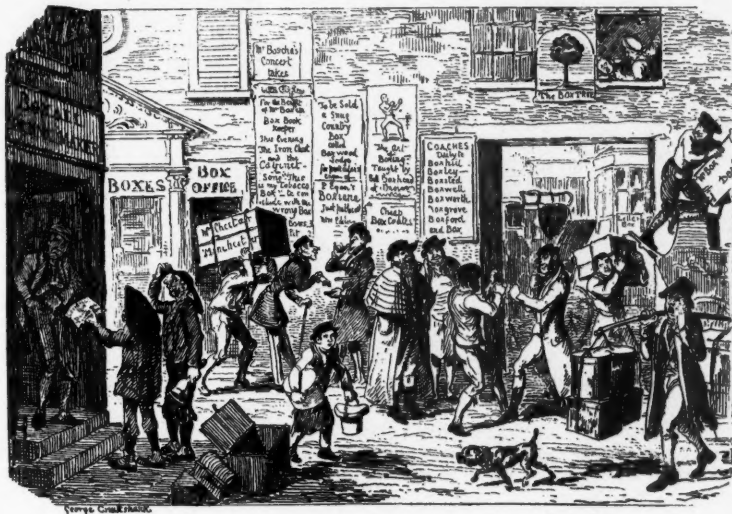
The Gay and the Gallant on Christmas Eve.

*Christmas Boxing Day.* An old time custom, now almost forgotten, is the boxing day. The Christmas box is still in evidence in England, but very little trace remains of the festivities of fifty years ago. These old prints call to mind the early days of Thackeray and Dickens. That is, the days when they absorbed the impressions which flowed in their later and best work. The successful novel seems to depend on two things—love and eating. The first is eternally the same with perhaps a modifying change of costume, but eating suggests at once the ab-

like heathen in their festivities," although it is recognized as commemorative of the birth of Christ.

The Christmas of Cruikshank is now a matter of history, and the historian finds in these satires the real perspective of the times and costumes more than in mere narrative descriptions. Words and phraseology vary with each generation.

This is not to make an appeal for the "good old times," but rather to give the merry Yule-tide something of the feeling of good fellowship—good cheer. The early English customs were the burning of the



Christmas; Boxing Day in Old England.

sorbing passion of merrie old Christmas. When are the characters in Dickens or Walter Scott more interesting or more human than when gathered about the festal board.

Nearly all of the early Christmas customs originated from the old heathen feast of Yule, and perhaps this gave to Cruikshank the idea of a license to "act

Yule log and the feast inaugurated by the entrance of the Boar's Head. The dominant and supreme key-note to all these various early observances and customs, was good fellowship. As long as the Christmas gaieties continued, the Yule-log was never allowed to burn out. The eternal fitness of things demanded first and for all time good cheer.





Keen is the air, and a mantle of white  
Nestles without in the dark wintry night;  
But the bright flames leap high with a roar and a glow  
Bidding defiance to North wind and snow.  
Then here's to Old Christmas! 'tis a night that's most dear  
To hearts that throb warmly with love and good cheer.

—W. L. Greene.



"BUSTED."

I am broke, broke, broke,  
By thy cold grey stones, O sea!  
And I would that somebody might purchase  
The fruits of my sweet poesy.

O well for the fisherman's boy  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O well for the sailor lad  
That he has no postage to pay!

And the pale-eyed dudes trudge on  
To the picnic under the hill;  
But O for a dollar and sixteen cents  
For to settle my wash-lady's bill!  
*Ellis Parker Butler.*

A MODERN FABLE.

NOW once upon a time there dwelt in the land a merchant who was known unto all men by the name of Bizzyfell, and even the humorous writers had no occasion to rename him. This same Bizzyfell was always in a most enormous hurry and delighted to become immersed in a perfect sea of petty trifling details; while his clerks and scribes lounged upon the swinging tops of their high stools and exchanged views upon the Sartorian and other learned theories, as well as the most economical places to procure ham sandwiches. Upon one certain afternoon Bizzyfell found himself even more than ordinarily engaged, and his desk was piled high with scrolls and documents.

First of all there was the mass of correspondence anent the overcharge of seventeen cents freightage by the Redtape & Linger Longer Railroad upon a certain shipment, which had otherwise netted bizzyfell a huge profit. This all required to be carefully gone over after the same fashion as a few hundred times previous,

and a profound and lengthy argument once more affixed to the batch. Bizzyfell felt absolutely certain that the seventeen cents would be returned some time or other, but the railway company had an entirely different idea.

Then there were numerous requests for samples and prices from a lot of people who were merely making collections for crazy quilts, or postage stamps, or post marks, or some other fad; which Bizzyfell deemed too important to be trusted to any of his high salaried employees, who really knew more about the business than he did.

Added to these were any number of petty things which might well have kept the junior clerks out of mischief, as well as one or two really important affairs which absolutely required his attention, and could be most admirably adjusted in a half hour's time.

It so chanced that upon this special day in question, an old friend of Bizzyfell's parental progenitor, called at his office and requested to be allowed the pleasure of a few moment's conversation. When the office boy brought the card to his employer, he heard numerous words well calculated to minimize the influence of his rigidly Puritanical training.

"Don't you see that I'm up to my eyes in work," Bizzyfell remarked, together with some elaborate word painting which we are unfortunately compelled to omit: "Here I am tied down to my desk, without time to even eat my lunch and scant prospect of getting home to-night!"

"But the gentleman says he was a lifelong friend of your father's, sir," persisted the youth, and shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

Bizzyfell went into wild ecstasies of syntax and prosody, in which he endeavored to convey the idea that it was completely immaterial to him whether the gentleman waiting outside had been a brother-in-arms to every one of his an-



cestors way back to the mythical ages of antiquity; and bade the awestruck boy say that he was too busy to hold any social reunions in his office at the present time.

Almost immediately the boy returned.

"He's gone, sir," he said, "but before he went he told me to inform you that he would give his five thousand dollar order for goods elsewhere."

*Percie W. Hart.*

#### USEFULNESS IN WAR.

I WAS sitting in my study the other day lost in meditation when I was suddenly brought back to earth by an animated discussion in progress in our drawing-room. I will explain that my study is directly over the said drawing-room and auricular connection is maintained between the two rooms by means of a stove pipe hole. I will also explain that our drawing-room is also our sitting-room, library, ball-room, guest chamber, and on occasions of state when I entertain the blacksmith and his wife, our dining-room.

My wife was entertaining callers of her own sex, and they had quit the subject of Milkville gossip for that of a possible war with Spain.

"I don't want my Bill to go, if there should be a war," said the blacksmith's wife, "and if he made the first attempt to enlist there'd be enough war for him right in our own house to cure him of his desire."

"My husband wouldn't have to go because he is too old," said the postmaster's wife.

"I don't think mine would have to go because he is too young," said the latest bride in town. There were tears in her voice as she spoke.

"Well, I want mine to go," said my wife, and she spoke very emphatically.

This was interesting indeed. I know of no reason why the little lady should wish me to go and get killed barring my general worthlessness—but that is common to all men. In fact this remark of hers worried me. I had myself thought of the possibility of such a war, and had figured out a thousand reasons and excuses for not going in case it should occur. For

instance, I am overweight for my height and have a very weak conscience. Moreover I have a mole on my left hip. I am also sure I would be a victim of nostalgia before I had been campaigning two weeks. And as I had stage fright once when we had amateur theatricals for the benefit of the church (was it the church or the poker club?—really I have forgotten) I believe I would be afraid.

"I don't want to have him killed, or even wounded," continued my wife rather more gently (bless her for that) "but I would be ashamed of him if he didn't go. And our children would be ashamed of him afterward."

"What use would your husband be in the army?" asked the blacksmith's wife, rather sneeringly. "He never does anything right."

"Well," said the little lady in reply, and I knew from the way she pronounced that word "well" that she was angry, "I guess he could stop a bullet just as well as any other man."

That settles it. Gentle reader when war is declared I shall go. Perhaps when I have stopped that bullet the little lady will feel sorry—but confound it I don't want to have her feel sorry. That would be mean, malicious, unhusbandly. No, I'll retract. I'll think it over. Perhaps I won't go at all. I guess I won't. In fact I'm sure I won't.

*Tom Hall.*

#### TOO SOON.

THE postmistress of the small Iowa town sat reading the post-cards and chewing tutti-frutti.

A tall young man in blue overalls approached the window.

"Nothin' fer me?" he asked.

"No."

"Nothin' fer maw?"

"No."

"Nothin' fer paw?"

"No."

"Nothin' fer Aunt Jane?"

"No."

"Nothin' fer Uncle Bill?"

"No."

"Nothin' fer Sister Sue?"

"No."

"Nothin' fer Brother Ned?"

"No, nothing for your family at all."

"Well, say," he said, "some o' us ought ter hev hed a post-card from grand-pap in Chicago to-day. He said sure he'd write soon ez he got ther an' tell about Uncle Henry's weddin'."

The postmistress glared at the young farmer angrily for a moment.

"See here," she said, "I ain't near got to that post-card, ef there is one. You come in to-morrow an' ef I'm done readin' it by that time you can get it. I'm nearly three days behind on 'em."

And as he went out she said to herself: "Some folks don't seem to 'preciate the cares o' public life!"

*Ellis Parker Butler.*

#### THE PICTURE OF HIS WIFE.

THE poppies had come to Forty Mile, nodding butterfly-like heads of vivid color in the Chinook and climbing the creek banks into the foot hills just to the verge of the fast melting snow which still clothed their heights. The wind from the south was soft and swimming in its haze the crystalline heights of the great range climbed to the far pinnacles of Mount St. Elias and Mount Logan, shining like the gates of jasper. Now and then the miners looked up from the rough labor of pan and cradle and gazed longingly at these summits which guarded the rough and dangerous homeward trail.

Then a boat crept around a curve in the flood swollen stream and at its approach the sound of cradles ceased, there were shouts and a fusillade of shots welcomed in the first boat of the season.

Its coming meant that the Yukon was open to its mouth, that the first steamer had reached Dawson; and it brought supplies and food of which the camp stood in sore need. It brought one tenderfoot, —all the others had rushed to the big strike on the Klondyke,—and he looked a bit apprehensive at the noisy greeting. Probably he thought some one was shooting up the town. He was a fine looking man, yet young, and neatly dressed in spite of his long rough journey. He spoke to one of the miners who had hastened to the landing.

"Is there an hotel here?" he asked.

The man smiled an understanding smile. "Wal," he replied, "Forty Mile's a little shy on hotels just now. First part of the winter when there was stuff in camp we had Delmonico's and Long Jim's. Long Jim had the best of the trade till the boys found part of Forty Mile crick in the whiskey. The weather was forty below zero right along those days and we thought melting the crick was too hot stuff for us so we suspended Jim. He's over there yet on the point of the cliff. There ain't no trees in Forty Mile," said the miner, regretfully.

The stranger looked at the man but did not speak. He was mentally taking the measure of the place and people.

"That sent the business over to Delmonico's till the shack blew over the bank and went down stream in the first spring rain.

The old man went with it and I figure they're pretty well along down the Yukon by now. You might have met 'em if they didn't stop off anywhere."

"I wish to find George Rathlin," said the new comer. "He has a claim here in Forty Mile."

The miner beckoned to the tenderfoot and side by side they set off up the rough trail. "Stranger," said the miner solemnly; do you believe in Heaven?"

The other looked at him quietly. "Why, yes," he said.

"That's right," said his interrogator; "so do I. There's some of the boys say Seattle's good enough for them but I'm shouting for Heaven, myself; and that's where the man you're looking for is."

The stranger stopped in dismay. "Do you mean to tell me he is dead?" he said.

"That's what they call it in the states," replied the miner; "was you any kin of his?"

"I was his friend," said the tenderfoot simply; "his most intimate friend, and his partner in the ownership of his claim."

The other looked at him keenly and the tenderfoot realized that it was well he was able to prove his statement.

"He came up on a grub stake last spring," he said; "I furnished the stake and he entered the claim in both our names. I have papers here which prove it. I am greatly shocked to hear of his death."



"You ain't no more shocked than we was," said the miner; "people die up here at Forty Mile pretty frequent, and no questions asked, but this man was different. He was the whitest man in camp, sir; the very whitest. There ain't a man in the place but is beholden to him for some kindness, and he was the bravest man I ever saw. But he was a man that didn't seem to have no care for his life; 'specially after he found he'd made his pile. For that's what he's done, sure enough. You'd think a man with such a pretty wife as he would want to get back to her. Her picture was always with him. It was in his hand last night when he died. It's there now."

The tenderfoot was silent trying to get his bearings in the situation. His friend and partner was dead, had died the day before. But he had made his fortune, the miner said. Why then was he so reckless of his life? And whose could be the picture which they called that of his wife? He had know Rathlin all his life and knew that he was unmarried. Perhaps it was some sweetheart of whom he did not know.

"Yes," said the miner as they came in sight of the little cabin; "he'd made a good stake. He had a big pile of pay dirt atop of ground and had begun to wash it when he was taken sick. He hung on for a while and worked till he plumb

dropped. It was while he was sick that we learned about the picture. He wasn't a man to say much about himself but when he was out of his head he talked. He wouldn't let that picture go out of his hand. We took turns, two by two, to wash his dirt and keep the claim a-going and look after him. But it warn't no use; the fever had too strong a grip on him. We washed out the best part of the pile though, and I reckon there's a cool hundred thou. in the buckskin bag and six bottles side of him. My partner's on guard here. Howdy, Bill."

The tall miner with a Winchester looked keenly at the tenderfoot but stepped aside at the other's greeting and allowed them to enter. The new comer saw the evidences of rough housekeeping in the little cabin, the six bottles and the buckskin bag on the floor, and the silent form stretched in the rough board coffin.

With a sob of pain he noted the face, wan and pinched with toll and privation as well as fever, and the lean scarred hands folded upon the breast with a picture in their clasp. He looked long in the dim light at this picture. It was that of a fair woman, young, and with happiness in the face, yet with a wistful look in the soft eyes.

Then the tenderfoot laid his hand softly on the brow of his dead friend and bent over him.

"Poor old man," he said, gently; "Poor old man! I understand it all, now."

The miner stood hat in hand, his face showing tender sympathy.

"It seems hard to make your pile and have to leave a wife like that," he said.

"That was the trouble," said the tenderfoot, softly; "it wasn't his wife; it was mine."

*Winthrop Packard.*

## THE MAKER OF SONGS

To that rude stall where Mary dwelt  
And where the fair Babe lay,  
The people brought their gifts and knelt  
On that first Christmas Day.

From out the East three Kings of old  
Brought princely tribute there,  
Rich frankincense and myrrh and gold  
Like His own shining hair.

And just within the stable door  
The shepherds knelt a-row,  
And little bleating lambs they bore,  
White as Himself, or snow.

There bowed the peasants in the street  
With gifts of oil and wine,  
And fruit and flowers pure and sweet,  
Like His fair soul divine.

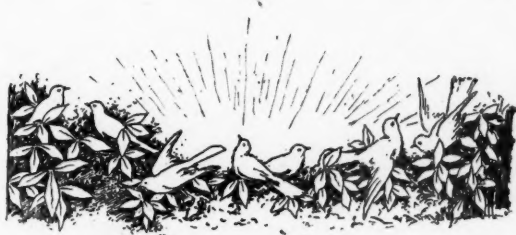
And pilgrims wan came there as well  
Their offering poor to pay,  
A silver coin, a staff, a shell  
From some strand far away.

But one apart knelt lone and sad,  
And garments mean he wore;  
An empty scrip, nought else he had  
To lay His feet before.

Yet as he wept to be of those  
Alone no gift to bring,  
A timid thought within him rose,  
And soft he 'gan to sing.

One gift there did to him belong;  
He gave the Holy Child  
His best; he sang his little song—  
The Babe awoke and smiled.

*Abbie Farwell Brown.*



## WHEN THE CHRISTMAS BELLS RING

BY LOUISE CROCKETT HENDERSON

**T**HAT Boylestown country church choir never failed to be in evidence at the "Christmas tree" services. That's as true as my name is Barcellus Sears.

Of course, it is a Christmas story you want! Well now, let me see. When I can recall events of—say twenty years ago there creeps upon me the realization that the span of life is not so long after all. There is a satisfaction, however, in being able to impart incidents connected with the early days of our church that no one else possesses, and yet with it comes a spirit of loneliness. There are only a few persons now living who were members of the choir at that time; owing to the restless, moving spirit of the American people the choir is now scattered from Kansas to Oregon; all through the new states where they have gone to make new homes and a few of them have gone back east.

The bright, sparkling eyes of the little folks always coax a story from me.

I was perhaps ten or twelve years old—what year? Now, do not be too particular for exact dates. It is not because my memory is failing, but older people have so much more of life's incidents to retain in their minds than younger people, that the earlier events are clearer and more vivid as the years pass.

The "Christmas Tree" was announced, as usual, about Thanksgiving time in the Boylestown Sunday school. Union services of all denominations were then held in the old brown church that has since been torn down. There had been a contest for "new things" such as "Jacob's Ladders," "A Ship," "A Manger," and other modern novelties, but this year it was decided that a good old-fashioned Christmas tree should be the order of the day. As usual the choir was divided, but there were no threatening dissensions. The announcement of a "Christmas Tree" was a factor in increasing the popular attendance at Sabbath School. The

following Sunday Wildy Denslow and Toot Canton and several other boys known as "terrors" in the village returned to the classes they had deserted nearly a year previous. The announcement of especial interest to them was, that all scholars were to receive a Christmas present on getting so many blue cards, which were in turn exchanged for red cards. It was these special marks of distinction that entitled all scholars to a Christmas present.

The class in which I belonged was recruited by Wildy Denslow and Toot Canton, and our teacher, Widow Kensley, looked at the prodigals over her spectacles with some apprehension on the first Sunday they answered roll call. Wildy was about fourteen with wiry red hair and a pug nose. His face was almost covered with freckles. He was a reckless lad, and always wanting to torment something—but never idle. Toot Canton was a big over-grown fellow with blue eyes and tawney white hair. He liked to be thought tough, because he intensely admired Wildy's toughness. Both boys had a "record," and their presence in the class was not altogether the most hopeful sign of discipline being maintained. Mrs. Kensley, however, knew what bad boys were as her own son had not turned out well, and like many well-intentioned good people she had better success with other boys than her own son.

One Sunday, a few weeks prior to Christmas, which fell on Saturday that year, there occurred an incident that may lead up to later developments.

Doctor Ballester, the superintendent, had tapped the bell to cease the study of the lesson, and the buzz of voices had quite died away when the second warning tap came. A special prize had been offered for those who could repeat the golden text.

"All those who can repeat the text will please raise their hands," he said. Up quickly went scores of hands all over the



room, and then it was merely a matter of chance as to who should be called upon to prove his knowledge after due credit had been given and the blue cards had been passed.

"Willy Denslow!" called the superintendent. The awkward boy was taken by surprise; he had not expected the summons but was anxious to get the cards.

He arose and trembled, but he could not remember the text. The children snickered, and the face of the superintendent grew stern as he realized that he had been imposed upon. The defiant lad was cowed. He had tried again to repeat the words of the text and failed.

"I'm sorry, Willy, but you will have to give up your card, and I hope you have not been getting others falsely."

"He has not and I'll repeat the text for him—he's only scared."

It was Susan Denslow, his sister, who had arisen in the defence of her brother. She repeated the text.

"But that will not do for Willy!" remonstrated the superintendent, smiling.

"Then give his card to me. I'm his sister."

There was something fierce in the snapping blue eyes of the girl. She was perhaps a year older than Willy. She had straight black hair with no pretence at ribbon or comb adornment. A queer child, very bright, precocious. She would make no friends, and even older people acted as if they were afraid of her. She had a beautiful voice, but would never sing except alone. An "odd girl" and it was felt quite useless to attempt winning her affections. She seemed all passion, and the neighbors had as little to do with her as possible although she always demanded and received a degree of respect, due to one much older.

"You may have a card, Susan," said the superintendent, while she still remained standing.

The final song was announced, and hoppy-te-hop the school sang that old-time P. P. Bliss song with a right good will.

Susan passed over and gave the card to her brother directly after school was dismissed as if to defy the superintendent.

These strange children do not always "grow" as "Topsy" grew. Their father was

James Denslow, the village drunkard. There is always a "cast of characters" in each community. The mother was a Jewess, and she supported the family by doing washing at her home assisted by Susan. There were no Hebrews in the village and the mother was rarely seen away from the house. Her life had been a bitter disappointment, and she repulsed all offers of sympathy and charity. It was said her father was a wealthy business man living in Chicago, but no one ever knew why the chasm existed between father and daughter except to surmise that it was owing to her marriage with James Denslow. At times she had a bitter tongue, which recalled Rip Van Winkle's Gretchen, but in spite of the hard drudgery of her life and advancing age there were traces of Mrs. Denslow having once been a beautiful girl.

The family lived almost alone and aloof in a small wooden cottage on the borders of the village, and surprise was expressed that Mrs. Denslow should permit the children to attend a Christian Sunday school. It was the music that attracted her. Susan loved music, and was often heard singing alone about the humble home, but never with others.

Preparing for the Christmas tree! Who does not recall the happy scene? The stately evergreen tree was brought in on a sleigh by the "committee," and on that Saturday the church was filled with ladies to decorate the church. The chandeliers and side brackets were covered with sprigs of green. No holly in those days. Over the tree in a half circle were letters made from evergreen boughs, which formed the welcome: "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

There was a merry buzz of conversation, and young mothers had brought their babes along that they might help with the work. From the vestry room came the fragrant odor of coffee. All those present were working with a hearty good will anxious to find something to do. After all, the great social life of the American people is in their "church work." The young ladies and young men were happy in their mutual task, and I hope as an old bach—that is, an old man—it is not sacrilegious to say, church-work is a great auxiliary in Cupid's campaign.

Deacon Dayton was perhaps the busiest man of all. As sexton of the church he officiated as general superintendent, and personally saw to it that the chairs for the choir were exactly right in number. "None but singers can hev ther seats on the platform," he declared officially.

There was an atmosphere in the room that the preparations were about completed. The ladies began taking off their aprons and stood in the rear of the church to survey the scene, and making new suggestions to the chairman of the committee as to minor alterations. Just then the door opened and Susan came in. The ladies greeted her—but in the usual blank way. Susan had in her arms a bundle and marched down to the tree where the committee were arranging the presents.

Her eyes drank in the delights of the tree with its beautiful burdens.

"Will you please put this on in front so it can be seen?"

"We'll take care of it, Susan," said Mrs. Kelsy, reassuringly.

"But I want it in front so mamma can see it from the back."

"The tree is purty near got all she'll tug," said Pete Muggles.

"Well if you can't put this on I'll have to take it away," said the girl, her eyes snapping, as she started to leave.

"We'll attend to it, honey," said old black Aunt Katy.

This seemed to pacify her proud and wilful spirit.

There were smiles and gossip as the committees guessed the contents of parcels, and each one had every one's else present but their own, but there were no smiles now as Susan left for the rear of the church.

Her gift was an effort at a large scarf; the colors were odd and the work ungainly; it seemed the struggle of one not used to crocheting.

"That will spoil all the beauty of the decorations now—there's no place for it," whispered Mrs. Jenkins.

"Well, we'll have to arrange it somehow for the girl."

Susan remained some minutes alone gazing at the tree. Near the top was a huge doll. Now, some girls outgrow dolls at sixteen, but others do not, and

Susan fixed a longing and wistful gaze at the doll and those near her were surprised to find her kneeling, near one of the rear pews.

"What's the matter, Susie?"

"I'm praying as I ought to in church," she retorted.

After the lamps were lighted, turned low at first and then brighter, the children came early feverish with expectation. Every seat in the church was filled at seven o'clock. The Sunday school scholars, who took part in the exercises, occupied seats in front, and how sweet and majestic those little girls of twelve and fifteen looked walking down the aisle in their white dresses, ribbons and round combs holding back their hair. The young boys were tickling, punching and giggling as young boys will, except the real good boys and of course, I was one of them. Wildy Denslow came early with Toot Canton to "hev some fun." Such a thing as going with his sister Susan he never thought of. "I'm going to receive a prize," he proudly declared. "My sis Sue is a clipper, ain't she Toot?" but Wildy was indifferent to all else except a chance to "hev fun."

You have seen a Christmas tree at a country church? The gilt-star of Bethlehem glistened in the corner—four candle power. The dolls swung out upon the boughs in profusion. The great wide scarfs of varied hues indicated the industry of the good wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts. Hat bands were also there. About the base of the tree were the crockery, carts and "heavy truck." Nestling in the boughs were parcels of all sizes. The silk mufflers and handkerchiefs make a gorgeous display. Strings of pop-corn, flakes of cotton batting and tinsel decorations gave the finishing touches. Big books, bibles, toy-books, hung in all positions. A train of toy cars peeped out on one bough as if starting on a trip to the moon. Christmas cards swayed in the branches like snow-flakes.

The exercises, why bless you—it was a merry song from beginning to end. The choir sang the anthem with all the dignity possible. The sopranos got off on the second page, which was the hardest part, and Effie Ensnow struck F instead of high G, which of course, made a dis-

cord, but that was nothing to the basses rolling clear off the key so they had to stop. The lonesome tenor you couldn't hear so that it did not matter much what note he struck.

All the little girls "spoke pieces" with a gentle bob bow—all the same—and an anxious glance at the teacher who prompted them and "held the book." Val Honester, the pride of the village school in elocution, who knew Patrick Henry's speech, forgot his Christmas piece, and had to quit. None of the girls forgot their verse and the little voices always echoed the tones and inflections which they had been trained to take. It was always the boys who fell under the taunting gaze of Wildy. The smallest wee bit of a chick in the primary class bid welcome to Santa Claus in a piping voice. The dialogues were given in partial costume but the climax was reached when Peter Muggles, in a big buffalo overcoat with a rope beard came in with the jingle of sleigh bells.

The little ones clapped their hands and crowed in glee as he walked down the aisle. No one could guess who it was until he stumbled on the rostrum steps and then there were whispers, "Muggles."

The committee began the distribution of presents. There were the slippers and books for the pastor and the dishes for his wife—the first gift they had received since the pound social six months ago. These gifts were a compromise on back salary due. Then how sweet it was for the children to hear their names called out by Muggles in stentorian tones. Up they got on the seats: "Here I is," and the young men and young ladies of the distributing committee approached. Those great wondering eyes of surprise and the proud and happy parents drank deep the pleasure in the surprise and happiness of their children. Well, well, it makes me young again to think it all over. The tree was pretty well relieved of its bundles except a few on the top, among which was a large doll, and the huge scarf of Susan's. The minister, Mr. Gordon, arose and announced in his pleasant way:—

"I am requested to announce that Susan Denslow's song is next on the program." It was a solo. Miss Howitt played the prelude on the organ when Susan had taken her place on the ros-

trum, directly in front of the Christmas tree.

"Please don't play any more," said Susan, turning around to the organist.

The girl was attired in an odd manner—not exactly homely but not girl-like, and her dress did not fit as if made by expert dressmakers. It was evidently the combined efforts of mother and daughter, in their struggle against poverty.

The audience were astonished at this unusual procedure.

Then in a sweet clear voice alone Susan sang the popular temperance song of the hour, "Come Home Dear Father."

All were amazed. This was not the piece she had rehearsed, but the magnetic charm of her young voice as she sang without accompaniment, quieted the audience and created a hush in the room, in spite of the rustling of presents. Just before Susan began two persons had entered the inner door. They shrunk back in the shadows as if afraid of being seen, and were finally near the centre aisle when Susan sang the chorus refrain again, "Come Home Dear Father."

The singer was oblivious of all else but the song as her mother had taught her.

The two figures in the rear of the church moved up the aisle a few steps at a time. The man's face startled them all. He had never been seen in a church before in Boylestown.

It was Jim Denslow with his eyes fixed upon his daughter and his wife was at his side.

It was a dramatic scene. The daughter remained on the rostrum after her song and reached around and took the huge scarf from off the tree:—

"You see, papa, you were not forgotten." She beckoned to him, as he faltered.

"Amen! Amen, Hallelujah!" broke forth old black Aunt Mandy.

Mr. Gordon came forward to welcome the shrinking man with a hearty handshake. The poor fellow broke down in tears on the steps to the altar.

"Don't cry, papa, this is Christmas," said Susan, with her arms about him.

Well, the revival season usually begins in January after the week of prayer, but Reverend Gordon saw his duty at a glance and Deacon Dayton hobbled out to ring the bell.

# CLUB WOMEN AND THEIR WORK.

*Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazar.*

THERE are many clubs in the United States that devote the whole year to some one special line of work, and among these the Niké Club, of Chicago, takes a very high stand, for it accomplishes a splendid result. Its efforts of last season might be followed by other Paintings, with two days given to literary clubs with profit and pleasure. The year was devoted to a study of Recent French subjects and two to music.

Before entering upon a study of the artists that have made the modern French school the most important, perhaps, in this century, the club carefully reviewed the classic and romantic schools and the latest developments in French Art.

The first artists to be studied were Jean Baptiste Corot and Theodore Rousseau, two of the most famous of the Fontainebleau group. Corot was eminently a poet-painter and saw in nature a harmony of light and shade and fanciful coloring that is magical. The delicacy of his fancies colored his own life and made it sweet and true, so that in his serene old age he was "le père Corot" for all his world.

Rousseau was the founder of the modern realistic school of landscape painting, and was materially influenced by Turner and Constable. Like Turner he allowed full play to his imagination, and his sunsets and atmospheric effects are marvelous, while in his forest views and charming scenes down by the Loire, he shows the effect of Constable's influence.

Millet and Daubigny were next considered by the club, with careful study of their work and influence. Himself the son of a peasant, Millet broke away from all schools and created one of his own. His peasants are living creatures, with the pathos and dignity that Millet knew how to express in the highest degree.

Next in order the club took up the Academic painters, Gérôme and Bouguereau. Gérôme, the pupil of Delaroche, and Bouguereau, one of the best known of modern artists.

At the World's Fair we had three of Bouguereau's best works, the "Women at the Tomb," "Our Lady of the Angels," and the "Wasp's Nest."

As a realist the club studied Gustave Courbet, and for the best expression of the historic school took up Jean Paul Laurens, two of whose pictures were at the World's Fair, "The Seven Troubadours" and "Christopher Columbus."

Bonnat and Carolus-Duran were taken up as portrait painters who founded a school. Philip Hale in one of his fascinating and clever art sketches says of the school of Carolus-Duran that it was by many considered as a short cut to painting. "A more or less careful drawing of the model is made, then the accents and shadows are painted in and the highlights thrown on, the result being very often bad drawing done with the air of knowing all about it, weak brush work, too dark accents, high lights too high—in the hope of giving strength where there is no strength—and as to color, having none." There were three of Carolus-Duran's portraits at the World's Fair and two of Bonnat's, one being of Ernst Renan.

Among the military painters Meissonier was chosen for consideration, and—by the way—we have in this country a beautiful little Meissonier, the "Cavalier," at the Lenox Gallery, New York. It has a most interesting history, for it is a portrait of the artist himself, and was painted for the collection of pictures sold in aid of the sufferers from the great fire at Chicago in 1872.

As a poet painter Jules Breton was se-

lected. He has the same sympathetic touch and realistic treatment of his characters that Millet had, and we were also privileged in having some of his work at the Fair, the group of Breton women being the strongest.

Raffaelli and Monet were chosen as best representatives of the school of the impressionists, in which form is subjugated to color.

Claude Monet, it is said drew his best inspiration from the little artist-town of Giverny in France. It was there he saw the hot summer days that he has painted, when the very air throbs in the fierce heat of the midday sun. It was there he saw the glory of his sunsets, and the crisp cold mornings of his winter scenes.

Raffaelli has conquered the artistic world after a stubborn fight of nearly twenty years. He is of the extreme impressionist school, and was the most difficult to understand. His most attractive works are bits of Parisian life, old wine shops and cafés where the common people meet.

The Plain Air School was illustrated in Dagnan-Bouveret; Geoffroy as the painter of children; and as illustrators the most clever, Doré and Boutet de Monvet were taken up.

An afternoon was devoted to French etching, one of the literary days was occupied with a study of Madame de Staël and the other with the French novel, while of the musical days, one was given to Gounod, and the other took up the French Folk Song and the Ballads of the people.

This course of work calls for the highest commendation, and classes could easily undertake a like carefully arranged method for study.



A NEW club has lately been organized in Somerville, Mass., by fifty of the bright wide-awake society girls, the object being for mental culture.

As Somerville covers a wide territory there has always been a difficulty in securing a unity of interests, particularly in a social and intellectual way. The young ladies of the city felt this keenly. Seven hills and as many valleys had formed cliques and sets, until one com-

mon bond of congeniality and fellowship seemed an impossibility. This self-satisfied spirit these fifty young women wished to annihilate; and it was also their desire to offer to each other something of interest and enjoyment in their own city.

In October the club was organized and took as its name the "Cœnonia," meaning *Friendship*. Sociability alone not being the object of the club, but the furtherance of education being a chief consideration. Classes have been formed in French, German and current events, each class to meet weekly from October to April inclusive. This limit also defines the social meetings, which are held the third Saturday of each month, at the respective homes of the members. This latter provision is to promote greater sociability among the members.

The eligibility for membership depends upon the education of the applicant. She must have received a High School education, or one equivalent to it, and must also be unmarried.

The social gatherings take the form of teas, lectures being left to the classes, that nothing may stand in the way of uniting in common thought the young women of Somerville.

The officers have been very wisely chosen. The president, Miss Florence R. Conant, is exceptionally fitted to lead the organization to success. Having graduated at Ogontz College with high honors, Miss Conant intellectually is brilliant, and adds to this a charm of individuality that allows her to influence those with whom she is thrown in contact, to the highest degree for good.

Miss Anna West, the vice-president, is a cultivated, winning girl, very popular in society, and earnest in all good works. Miss Blanche Bradford is the corresponding secretary, Miss Mabel Bowman, recording secretary—Miss Bowman is a distinguished graduate of Wellesley College—Miss Janie M. Thompson, treasurer, Miss Mabel Paul, auditor, and as directors, Miss Louise Hemmenway, Miss Gertrude Hall, Miss Ethel Lincoln, Miss Elizabeth Jackman and Miss Alice Niles.

Other club members are watching with interest the organization of the young people, and it is to be hoped that the example may be followed in many of our cities.



IN Duluth, Minn., there is a most progressive club, the "Saturday," of which Mrs. Alma Pattee Washburn is president; Mrs. C. H. Patton, first vice-president; Mrs. Geo. W. Logan, second vice-president; Miss L. Ella Roe, recording secretary; Mrs. David Buchanan, corresponding secretary, and Mrs. Chester McKusick, treasurer.

Mrs. Washburn, the president, is heartily in touch with the spirit of the times, a thoroughly practical and eminently intellectual woman, who recognizes the high duties of our sex in the home and in society. A few timely words from Mrs. Washburn relative to club work, will be read with keen interest:—

My Dear Mrs. Frazar:

In our club we have found the Current Events department the most beneficial to us along the lines in which women most need to be benefited.

This department, we find, is not only helping us to clear ideas on subjects which should be of general interest to every one, but it is helping us to express those ideas intelligibly.

Women, as a rule, are poor talkers. What a sarcastic smile that would bring over the visage of some of our dear brothers! But it is true, nevertheless—too sadly true.

It is not that women lack for *ideas* for they are running over with them, odds and ends of ideas often improperly fitted together.

It is not that ideas do not come to them forcibly; they frequently come with such force that the idea has to find vent while still in the process of development—hence the unfinished condition of some of them.

But the great trouble with women as talkers is, that they have not had the drill in formal or semi-formal speaking which would teach them to finish and round their sentences.

A sentence commenced several times, wandering through a labyrinth of explanatory sentences and finally finished after a hopeless search for the predicate, leaves a painful impression on a listener.

I believe, then, that one of the most important and necessary things which women's clubs are teaching to them, particularly those clubs which have a Current Events department, in which free discussion by all members is participated

in is to think and to speak clearly and intelligibly. This department in the Saturday Club occupies one half hour of every programme.

How much of the work of a club shall be done by papers? How much by recitation or class room work? Is it better to take a comprehensive general view of a subject, getting its relation to other subjects, or is it better to cover but a small portion of the field and do it more thoroughly?

All of these are questions which have puzzled the brains of our members since the organization of our club. We are gradually coming to compromise more and more and find it helpful.

Whereas, at first, all of our work was done by papers, now about one-third of it consists of recitation in which all members take part and on which all are expected to be prepared. This, also, aids us in properly expressing ourselves. It does not make so interesting a programme perhaps, for an outsider to listen to, but more good is obtained by *all* than when papers are the order of the day. Papers are a very great benefit to those who write them.


The matter of *comprehensiveness* or *thoroughness* also has to be compromised. The process of evolution of our club has been from comprehensiveness to thoroughness. "Dante in twenty minutes" is no longer found on our programmes.

The Saturday Club has laid out a grand system for intellectual work this year, divided into the branches of History, Literature, Art, Travel, Education and Music.

In History the study begins with the life and time of Henry IV. and covers the period when Henry V., Henry VI., Edward IV., Edward V. and Richard III. reigned—a period of wonderful events and of absorbing interest.

In Literature, two months will be devoted to a study of Shakespeare's "King Henry IV.," four months to the study of "King Henry Sixth," and March and April will be occupied with "Richard III."

The Art department will make a careful study of architecture and its relation to historic periods, take up several of the English Cathedrals with their sculpture, stained glass and illuminated manuscripts.



## THE RAMBLER IN LITERATURE.

"SOME BOOKS ARE TO BE TASTED, OTHERS TO BE SWALLOWED,  
AND SOME FEW TO BE CHEWED AND DIGESTED."

### "THE STORY OF AN UNTOLD LOVE."

OUT of every hundred novels dealing with the master-subject, love, ninety-nine may be counted as falling flat, entirely short of the mark; the hundredth one may hit the target, but not always; the tenth-hundredth one hits the bull's-eye squarely. Mr. Ford's "The Story of an Untold Love," is the tenth-hundredth one. It is the very incarnation of the passion itself, without excess, without an overplus of sentiment, without a single defect to mar a charming and natural love story. The book is written in the first person, thus making it direct, effective, powerful. The narrative is in the form of a journal written each night by a man who loves without hope. A fine, exquisitely delicate touch characterizes the telling of this love. Tenderness, chivalry, manliness are infused in every line. The plot itself is not secondary to this perfect style of language; it is excellently well conceived and as well executed. Mr. Ford's book belongs to the literature of emotion. It stands as a simple portrayal of a manly love. The quality of being eminently readable characterizes it from title to tailpiece.

### "HUGH WYNNE; FREE QUAKER."

MR. Weir Mitchell's book enters the field of American letters as a very important historical novel of permanent value. It gives the lie to the opinion that a live book cannot be written on a dead subject. Read this tale and you are in the midst of the fever, fire and fury of the American Revolution. Our good old forefathers in their knee breeches and colonial manners walk amongst us, and His Gracious Majesty, George the Third, receives our curses as well as theirs. The book is one of those rare, old fashioned stories beginning at

the hero's youth and following the fickle tides of fortune to a very proper ending—the winning of his lady-love. It abounds with a marvellous array of intensely interesting and picturesque characters. We have Hugh Wynne himself, more Quixote than Quaker, his stern Orthodox old father, his simple-minded sweet French mother, his very sprightly, courageous and quaint Aunt Gainor, his faithful, shoulder-to-shoulder chum, Jack Warder, his villainous, scheming Tory cousin, Arthur Wynne, and towering above them all, his sweetheart, Darthea, in the book not very omnipresent in body, but delightfully so in spirit and influence. Washington, Benedict Arnold, André, and Doctor Rush, come and go on the stage of the narrative just to a dot as they must have moved in actual life. The hero is a soldier of courage, ingenuity and bravery. The following of a soldier's career always makes good reading. The book itself is vigorous; its historical setting is authentic, the result of Doctor Mitchell's exhaustive study and acquaintance with the history and traditions of the Revolutionary period. "Hugh Wynne" will last for many a day as a most successful and able novel of the most vital moment of our country's career. It is *the* novel of the Revolution.

### STEVENSON'S "ST. IVES."

IT is "St. Ives" that the world of letters receives as the last contribution from that master of the narrative style and the modern adventurous romance, Robert Louis Stevenson. Its author laid it aside when he had completed thirty-five chapters and turned his attention to the "Weir" of Hermiston, a fragmentary bit of work, but fiction of the quality nevertheless that shows Stevenson at his fullest and finest maturity. The task of fin-

ishing "St. Ives" was entrusted to Mr. Quiller-Couch. His achievement, which was made possible by the author's full notes to the end and by his own complete love and understanding of the master, shows that the trust was not misplaced. St. Ives is a French prisoner of war in 1813, confined in Edinburgh Castle, a nobleman of courtesy, resource and adventure. The chief interest in the book lies in watching the splendid spirit of audacity and invention which our hero displays in escaping from prison and in his conduct throughout the stirring incidents that crowd the story. His love for the Scotch lassie is romance galore and he stands as the personification of the theory—faint heart never won fair lady. It is doubtful if "St. Ives" shows Stevenson in the full range of his exhaustless ingenuity and contrivances of plot. "David Balfour" and "Treasure Island" perhaps stand as better examples. But in "St. Ives" we see that Stevenson towards the end of his life, was gaining strength along the two lines which were considered weak in his early tales. He had learned how to handle the love motive with success, to portray with value and faithfulness the feminine, and second, despite his invariable proclivity to picture the grim and the terrible in human life he had learned also how to introduce with effect life's more lyric aspects. The reader is carried through "St. Ives" with a dash and a spirit that are unmistakably Stevensonian. It is with a keen feeling of sadness that the reader lays down the book, knowing that the hand that wrote it will write no more.

F. MARION CRAWFORD'S "CORLEONE."

MR. Crawford's Italian group of novels, which consists prominently of "Saracenesca," "Sant' Ilario" and "Don Orsino," has had its most recent addition in the form of "Corleone," which has appeared serially during the year in *Munsey's* and is now published by the Macmillan Company. "Corleone" continues the fortunes of the Saracenesca family although in itself as a story it is complete. In reading Mr. Crawford's novels, as is generally the case with all very prolific writers, the reader needs guidance. His books vary vastly in worth and readableness. He is a man of most unequal execution; good generally but on

occasions sadly indifferent. Thus a Bar Harbor story of his, and "Adam Johnstone's Son" are utterly futile, while on the other hand the Saracenesca stories, "Corleone" included, are of positive value as fiction. As a writer Mr. Crawford (unlike Thomas Hardy) never allows the intensity or the emotions of a situation to run away with him; he is a strictly impartial chronicler, never moved to excess or excitement and always calmly depicting things as he wants them to be irrespective of the consequences that would occur in actual life. The scene in "Corleone" vacillates between Sicily and Rome. In the local color of both places, Mr. Crawford is of course at his best. A succession of startling incidents forbids the reader's interest to lag. The plot generally is dramatic, the descriptions replete with life and color, and the merit of the book as strong novel sustained to the end.

ONE OF "OLIVER OPTIC'S" BOOKS.

IT is a happy fact for the youth of this or any land that their favorite books are not things of the flesh, to end and pass away with the death of their creator. Take out of boyhood, for instance, the sweep and sway of such stories as Oliver Optic's and you take the lamp out of the light-house. Every lad in the country holds dear to him his fun and his pranks, but the pleasure he gets from his "bully stories" he holds dearer. In the gallery of his story heroes, no name bears with it quite the magic and the meaning as "Oliver Optic's." His books have never failed to secure the warmest welcome and choicest place in the minds of the young. And it is safe to assert that many a child got more education from them than he ever delved out of his school books.

In view of Mr. Adams's popularity with the young, his publishers, Messrs. Lee & Shepard, have always performed their part faithfully towards placing on the market in the most attractive form, the best of his books. They have just re-issued "Pacific Shores." It is the twelfth and last volume of the All-over-the-World Library. As indicated in the preceding volumes the purpose of the voyage described is the education of the hero, Louis Belgrave, who has come into possession of his grandfather's property. The pres-

ent volume covers an extended stay in Japan, where all the principal points of interest are visited. From the land of the Mikado the party proceeds to Australia and New Zealand and thence to America, stopping for a week's stay at the Fiji Islands. The young travellers have their full share of exciting adventure, while the author never loses sight of his purpose in writing the series; that is, the conveyance of useful information, much of it obtained during the author's recent trip around the world.

"WAYFARING MEN" BY EDNA LYALL.

THE author of "Donovan" and "We Two" never gives us anything that is commonplace or of negative value. In "Doreen" we had a spirited representation of the Irish question interwoven with a charming story and a happy style. In "Wayfaring Men," the writer places her narrative in the same environment as in "Knight Errant," namely the theatrical world. The book chronicles the rise of a young man of character and ideals in the dramatic profession. When Miss Bailey stages any of her stories in this atmosphere the reader may count on not only a fidelity of situation but an extremely readable product. Although, Edna Lyall's characters play their parts amid that in the world which is disheartening and oppressive yet she never allows any of them to be pessimists or grumblers. Her manner of treatment is bright, hopeful and uplifting, an antidote for the morbid and unhealthy in literature, and a tonic to those who have been nauseated with the insipid and insidious books of the day, "Wayfaring Men" will never be read but with a feeling of satisfaction and pleasure.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DOG.

NO lover of a dog should be without his "Diomed" any more than a lover of Johnson should be without his Boswell. The book is an unusual one. It is a novelty. A dog it is who writes it, giving his life, travels and observations. These are many, sufficing to cover the three hundred odd pages of a sumptuously gotten up volume. Diomed is a remarkable setter; his achievements in the fields of sport make him the proper dog to tell a story. He is, more-

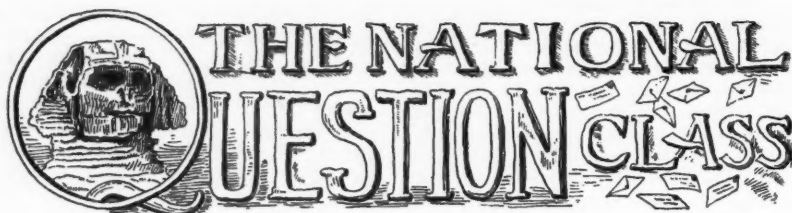
over, a thinker. He sees things at once through doggish and mannish eyes. The result is interesting to the reader. The author, John Sergeant Wise, has contributed a rich treat to those who love good dogs and good shooting. The book is published by Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Boston.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEAVENLY TWINS."

SINCE the publication of the above book, Madame Grand has been at work upon her new novel entitled, "The Beth Book." It has just appeared from the Appleton Press and may be regarded as its author's most important literary undertaking. The new novel traces the development of a woman of genius from her birth to her marriage, and afterward. It is a most subtle and extraordinary study of a woman's psychological evolution, while as a story it is characterized by an abundance of delightful humor and incident. No book of recent years has been written with more care. With remarkable fidelity and a singularly graphic power of expression the author depicts the attitude of the child toward the outer world and toward her parents, the effects of increasing knowledge upon the young girl, the married life, the acquaintance with a larger world, the attitude of men toward women, and the position of women in modern society. While some of the earlier scenes are laid in Ireland, the action takes place for the most part in London, and the reader is introduced to some vivid pictures of social and of poor life in the metropolis.

A FAVORITE COLLEGE BOOK.

THE Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green, an Oxford Freshman, is not a new book although the American publishers, Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., have just issued a new edition that calls to mind again this most readable of books. English University life in the middle century, is here most humorously and yet most seriously pictured. Descriptions of the "fagging," the sports, the scholastic routine, and the famous town and gown rows are included in the book. The style is brilliant, hearty and dashing. The genuine university atmosphere is strikingly reproduced. It is a parallel book to "Tom Brown."



# THE NATIONAL QUESTION CLASS

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazar.

## TO THE NATIONAL QUESTION CLASS.

The deep interest manifested in the class questions and the remarkable excellence of the answers returned to us, proves beyond question that we were right in assuming that such a class would be both popular and useful.

The pleasant letters that we have received relative to the Class and its outline for work, are most gratifying, and we trust that the number of persons enjoying the privilege of this course of study, will shortly reach into the thousands.

## INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE CLASS.

All communications must be addressed to Mrs. M. D. Frazar, National Magazine, Boston Mass.

In answering questions write only on one side of the paper.

Make your answer full and complete.

Give name and full address with answers.

All members of the class *must* be subscribers to "The National Magazine."

To become a member of the class apply to the magazine for a National Question Class Certificate.

If you are not already a subscriber, send one dollar with your application, which entitles you to "The National Magazine" for a year, and all the privileges of the Question Class.

Answers must be received before the fifteenth of each month.

## PRIZES.

After careful study of the papers sent her, Mrs. M. D. Frazar has decided that the prizes shall be awarded as follows:—

First Prize, to C. M. Alexander, 169 Tremont Street, Boston.

Second Prize, to Mrs. O. H. Newell, Correctionville, Iowa.

Third Prize, to Miss Edna Dyer, Sebago, Maine.

Fourth Prize, to Marie M. Higgins, Mansfield, Mass.

## HONORABLE MENTION.

1. Mrs. George Greeley, Rochester, Vt.
2. Oliver E. Carruth, Poughkeepsie N. Y.
3. Sara J. Holland, Marshfield Hills, Mass.
4. Miss Alice M. Freeman, Gibbins St., Somerville, Mass.
5. Mrs. A. M. Kitchen, Tupper Street, Montreal, Canada.

Mrs. Newell's answers were full and satisfactory and particular mention should be made of her answer to No. 6, in Art, in which the Pre-Raphael movement in 1847-1849 was touched upon most pleasantly and mention made of Rossetti, Holman Hunt and John Millais and their cardinal principle of "returning to the truth, sincerity and earnestness that marked the style of the Italian painters before Raphael's time."

Miss Higgins's answer to the Art Questions was also one that showed a thorough perception of the truth sought in this school of painting, and many other questions were answered with spirit.

## ANSWERS TO FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR THE NATIONAL QUESTION CLASS.

1. *Sir Walter Scott* was called *The Wizard of the North*.
2. *Elihu Burritt* was called *The Learned Blacksmith*.
3. The *first Dictionary* is said to have been compiled by Johannes de Garlandia about 1250 A.D. The famous Dictionary of the eighteenth century was that published by Samuel Johnson in April, 1755.
4. A *Poet Laureate* is an officially appointed Poet. In Great Britain, a sal-



aried officer of the Royal House of whom no special duty is required, but who formerly was required, or expected, to furnish an ode annually for the Sovereign's birthday, and to celebrate great events.

5. The beginnings of *Newspapers* in Germany and Italy date back to the sixteenth century. The oldest known, however, is said to be the *Frankfurter Journal* founded in 1615. The first English newspaper of which we have any authentic knowledge was called the *Weekly News*, issued in London in 1622. The first American newspaper, *Publick Occurrences*, was started in 1690, but was suppressed. The *Boston News Letter* followed in 1704. The *New Hampshire Gazette*, founded in 1756, is now the oldest in this country.

6. *Pre-Raphaelism* in Art, is the principle of art in vogue previous to Raphael's introduction of a new style of painting.

7. *Perspective*, is the art of representing objects on a flat surface to make them appear as if viewed by the eye in proper proportions and relations.

8. *Pigments* are such prepared materials as are used by painters to impart colors. Coloring matter of any kind found in plants and animals.

9. *School of Painting*. Those who accept the teachings and exhibit in practice the same general methods of a teacher or of a system prevalent at a certain time.

10. *Genre Pictures*. Representations of domestic, rural, or village, common life and scenes.

11. The original *Photographic Process* was called the *Daguerreotype* from the name of its discoverer L. J. M. Daguerre of Paris in 1839.

12. *Bullion* is a lump or mass of metal, in bars or any uncoined form.

13. A weapon used by the natives of Australia in war or the chase. It consists of a curved piece of flat hard wood from 16 inches to two feet in length. It can be thrown in a circle and is capable of inflicting serious injuries.

*Figuratively*. Any plan or project the consequences of which recoil upon the projector.

14. *Cash*, taken from *case* and *chase*, meaning a receptacle holding wealth. Representing wealth or money in hand or at command.

15. *Tammany*. The name was that of a Delaware Sachem and meant in the aboriginal tongue "the Affable." Different societies were named for him, one of which, known as the Tammany Society, was incorporated in 1805 with a governing council of Sachems and a ritual of aboriginal flavor. From this grew the present political society known as "Tammany Hall."

C. M. Alexander.

169 Tremont St., Boston.

#### THE FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR THE NATIONAL QUESTION CLASS FOR DECEMBER.

##### LITERATURE.

1. What was the Vinegar Bible?
2. What is the difference between "Epic" and "Lyric" poetry?
3. What famous literary woman did Napoleon banish from France, and why?
4. What great poet was banished from Florence, and why?
5. Who was "Boswell"?

##### ART.

1. In what way was Michael Angelo disfigured and how happened it?
2. What great artist is buried in the Parthenon at Rome, and what was he called?
3. Who was Glotto, and how was his genius discovered?
4. Why was "Tintoretto" so called?
5. What is called the greatest painting in the world?

##### GENERAL.

1. What is the origin of the word "Occasion"?
2. What is the difference between a College and a University?
3. What was the Julian Calendar, and what the Gregorian?
4. What was an "Oracle"?
5. What is a Mummy?

##### PRIZES FOR THIS MONTH.

First Prize: One of the new Illuminated Bibles of the Riverside Press, with 800 illustrations.

Second Prize: "This Country of Ours," by Ex-President Benjamin Harrison.

Third Prize: "Varia," a collection of delightful essays, by Agnes Repplier.

Fourth Prize: "Soldiers of Fortune," by Richard Harding Davis.

PUBLISHER'S **LET'S** DEPARTMENT.  
**TALK IT OVER**

IT would indeed be unpardonable for the publisher to overlook the conventional and calendar fact that Christmas will soon be here. All plans domestic converge toward the Yule-tide. Bring on the Yule log and let us have a merry time of good-will and not so much absorbed in gift giving! The old-fashioned way may become tedious to the blasé, who have passed from the charm of the horns of Christmas morn, the red wagon, the doll, the top and the whistle, but there are thousands of sweet little hearts to whom these are all new and wonderful. Children are simple in their tastes—artistic, too—don't disappoint them in a good old-fashioned Christmas by modern frippery. God bless them! Oh, if every human being on earth could have a happy Christmas this year! Yes, hang up your stockings and watch for dear old Santa Claus.



THE National is going to hang out its stocking for ten thousand new subscriptions, that will mean about thirty thousand happy persons for one twelve-month. We hope that Christmas will bring all the happiness possible to every individual on earth, young and old; we are quite willing to wait until Santa Claus has served all the rest. He's a good old fellow and avails with the attempt to destroy the happy memories of Santa—even if he is traced from heathen lineage.



CERTAINLY our latch string is always out. "The National" has not reached the caging stage. It is not necessary to pass sixteen door-keepers through swinging doors and a myriad of screens to get at the functionaries in

charge. The obligation taken by every one of "The National" staff is to cultivate a courteous manner in the reception of visitors—no matter who they are. We have ordered the sign, "No beggars and peddlers allowed," taken down as far as our offices are concerned, because beggars and peddlers have the rights of human beings. In these struggling hard times they have a right to earn a livelihood. The palatial quarters and stinky exclusiveness of American "office life" is something of a farce. The "very busy" man inside is often found discussing and doing trivial things while he "keeps on waiting." The aristocratic notion of self-importance has conquered. Of course, the time of a business man is limited, but he is common clay after all.



THE drawings for the article on "Brook Farm" are by Walter L. Greene and they are certain to attract favorable attention. Mr. Greene has a well defined talent in landscape, and although a young artist is certain to win laurels. His subtle touch suggests Alfred Parsons and he never fails to give a charming atmosphere to everything he does. With such a trio of young artists as Louis F. Grant, Victor A. Searles and Walter L. Greene on the staff of "The National" our readers may expect some unusually clever and meritorious work for 1898. This is one of the chief ambitions of "The National," bringing out new talent and young authors and artists, giving them a chance to show their metal before being crushed out by more firmly established members in their craft. The same is true of contributors. "The National" will not follow the usual method of heralding the name and portrait of every celebrity as a "special con-

tributor." It is simply a contest of check-books to obtain these, and our bank balance still remains a trifle less than the government gold reserve. "The National" is, however, soliciting and searching for new American talent where the unalloyed enthusiasm and devotion to the work itself is emphasized rather than the impression often read between the lines of the work of authors of reputation, "how much will I get?"

Now, this is not rant or despising the days of great things; it is a case of putting to the best use the positive necessities of the hour. The young birds with soaring ambitions, uncompromising determination and fame yet to win, naturally "flock together," and from the flood of manuscript, letters and sketches received we naturally conclude that they believe "The National" nest big enough from which to try their wings.

And they are right. But there is a limit to the capacity of the nest.



CHRISTMAS here again! How quickly time passes is the reflection that seems to come with increasing emphasis as one grows older. The inclination is always to associate the observance of Christmas with a royal dinner. The youngsters are allowed on the occasion to cry "Enough" like the distinguished McDuff. Home-gatherings are the order of the day and "mother's cooking" eclipses even the advanced science of cooking school and food fairs. The home gathering is a sweet memory of a life time. Who does not recall as a happy gleam of sunshine in Christmas at the "old home." It revives that genuine sympathy so often forgotten in the busy work-a-day world. If there was only more genuine sympathy in every-day life what a happy existence life would be! If we all could be genuinely sympathetic one day and see if we do not feel the happier for it. The little pale face of the newsboy, the peddler and beggar, even to those prosperous in worldly affairs, from prince to pauper, a kind word is never amiss. Try a word of sympathy, of genuine sympathetic interest with all persons you come into contact with one day. Try it, say on Christmas. Ah! if we could learn all the possibilities of sympathy—it

is a religion in itself; it is the mainspring of all love. It is growing rusty in these busy days, and we need frequently to burnish up our philanthropic impulse. As Faraday discovered magnetism in all metals, so there is sympathy in every human being, but it requires a certain warmth or temperature to develop it. Surprise your friend with a real expression of sympathy, that does not have a business or social condition attached to it, where you expect the investment to pay twenty per cent. on preferred stock. May every home be lightened with genuinely sympathetic good-will on Christmas-tide is but the echo of the wish of "The National." Then keep it up!



IN the scores of letters received each day by "The National" the experience of others is offered. It is wise counsel and appreciated, but somewhat difficult at times to fit the case in point. Actual experience is coming thick and fast and that is what counts. To conduct a magazine by established precedent is something like the mariner who tried to sail his ship by the book. In mid-ocean the wind blew over a page of the book, and the next sentence read "cast anchor." He cast it because it was "in the book" but his anchor never found bottom. The anchor of some publishing enterprises these days is still searching for the bottom. *Moral:* Just arrange one to suit yourself.



ONE dollar's worth of subscription entitles any reader of "The National" to give us an unmeasured amount of advice. It does not matter whether you are a subscriber or not. We are building "The National" on something of new lines. Instead of making it a wholesale advice factory we are simply jobbers. The young men in charge of "The National" feel that they have a public "trust"—not a sugar trust—or a credit-asking venture but a position of trust which they expect to hold under civil service rules. After the November issue was issued the Editor and the Western Breeze were on a Boston and Albany train. Imagine the feelings of these two timid young men in passing through that train to discover precisely

sixteen "National" Magazines in the hands of innocent purchasers and only one—well, no matter what that one was—"The National" was sixteen. The Western Breezer at once wanted to investigate and find out the cause of this welcome drifting into popular favor and also what article attracted the greatest general attention, but the dignified editor said it would not be good form to be so inquisitive. The editor retired and the Western Breezer quietly began his tour at the smoker. There was the typical jolly, good-natured travelling man. He was deep in the mysteries of "Some Days and Nights in Little China." Across the aisle was a young man with very long hair engrossed in the stirring scenes of the football article. A few seats back was a well-rounded, happy-faced and contented business man, who was preparing to go into the diner—well, "From Out the Purple Grape" were the pages open in the book upon the seat. In the next car was a young lady with an ostrich forest on her hat; she had the story pages open, of course, but owing to there being no illustrations it was difficult to see just what story held her attention. All young ladies are interested in love stories and love songs—now don't protest—I have not said the young men are not also. On the right a stately grandpa and grandma, and through their spectacles they were looking over together the illustrations of "Christ and His Time." Happy, contented and useful careers had been theirs—the full and severe October days of life. A few seats to the left was the ideal club woman—she had that superb air of self-reliance and sweetness of character, which represents the real type of American women. She had a number of other books and magazines. With her were two children who were deep into the mysteries of "Burntwood Breeze," following the careers and fortunes of the young editors in Dakota as so entertainingly told. The National Question Class problems were being studied by a man, who looked as if he had conquered all the word-guessing contests. In the seat across riding backwards was a typical college professor; of course, "College Settlements" were the pages fluttered in the passing breeze, from an open window. The breeze made his neighbors frown

askance at the open window. On through the vestibule the Breezer passed and the other purchasers were difficult to locate for preference as they all seem to study first the covers and then run through the magazine in the usual train fashion, a glance here and a glimpse there with the absorption or rather slipping of an occasional paragraph of reading between the pictures.

Now, the only way to find out some things is to find them out. Observation is a key to the best knowledge. "The National" is earnest in its effort to merit the character of a qualitative periodical. Is not that frank enough?

When the tour had been completed from the rear coach a head peeped through the door and addressed the Breezer.

"What did they say?" whispered the editor.



THE "National" Question Class is keeping us pretty busy these days. The interest taken has been phenomenal, and we would suggest that all subscribers send in for their certificates at once. As one writes, "I feel as if it was to become a great fraternity of students." The department is certainly awakening an interest in questions of moment, and we are going to make the old Sphinx talk before we get through.



IN "The National's" series of frontispieces by American artists we feel that we may be justly proud in calling attention to that of this issue by Abbott H. Thayer. Mr. Thayer is among the most individual of our painters and his pictures convey the impress of a strong and pure personality. He is one of the few men whose genius entitles them to rank among the great artists. While many have sought to render in art the American type of beauty none have been so successful as he in conveying the fine spiritual charm which characterizes that type when seen at its best. Let those who wish to study American life in its purest and most refined development do so in the pictures of Abbott H. Thayer. His "Caritas" is one of his latest works; it took the Wm. L. Elkins prize in the Philadelphia Academy exhibition of 1896.

